Saturday Review

June 29, 1963 25¢

MUSIC IN EUROPE

First of a Series by Irving Kolodin

RECORDINGS

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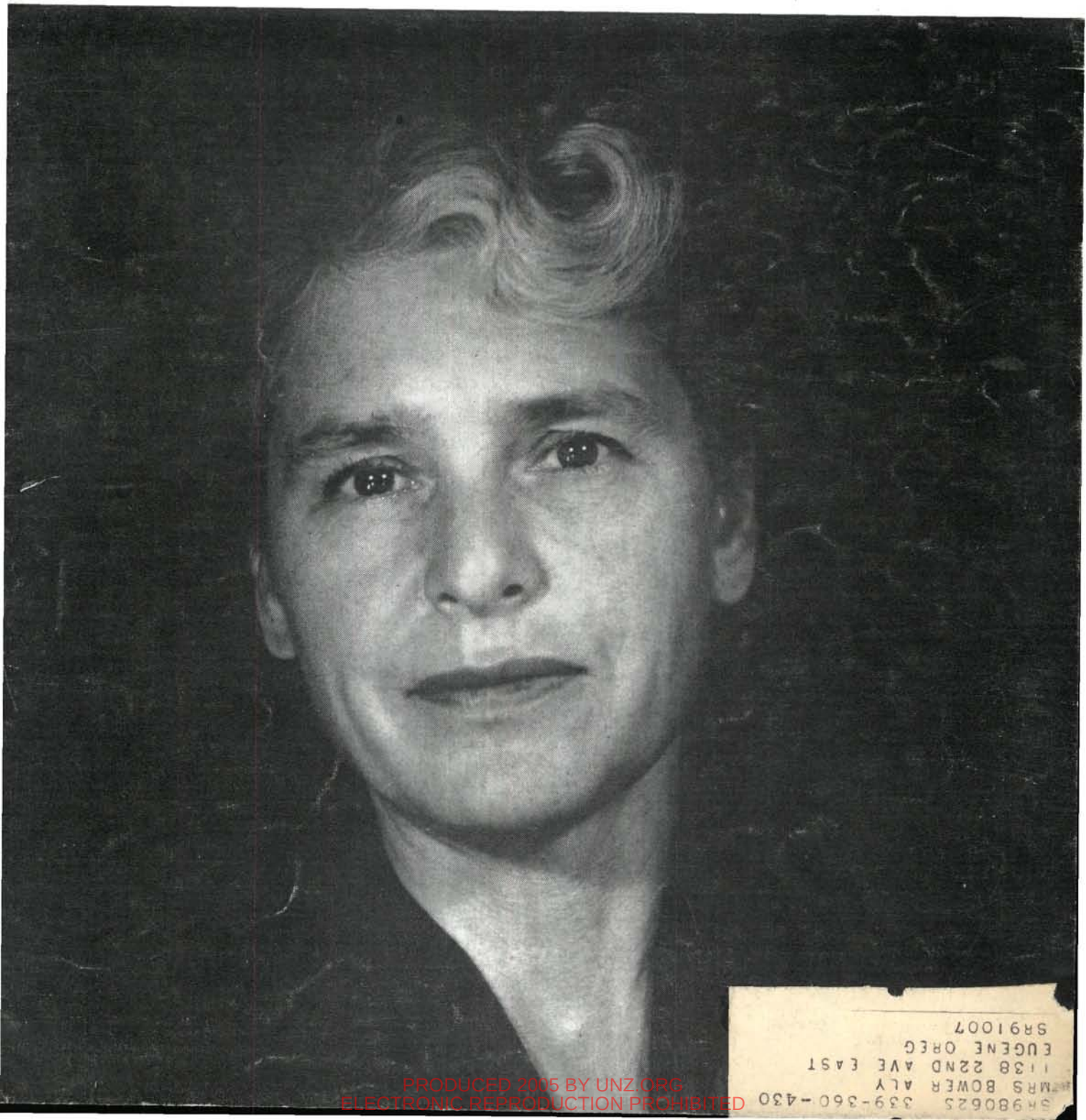
Margaret Bourke-White
Author of "Portrait of Myself" (See Books) ▼



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sports . . . . . sedan

Paint a stripe along its top; a number on its side . . . and you're ready to compete.
Pack it full with Mom, kids, pets, lunch and you're on your way to a picnic. That's the joy of owning the new MG Sports Sedan. It's the amazing combination of racing potential and sedan comfort at a price so low ($1898*) that you owe it to yourself to give it a trial run.

Make no mistake about it, this MG is a sports car . . . designed and built in true British sports car tradition . . . packed under its hood, a sports car power plant—the world's number 1 competitive engine . . .
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What is a fan-jet?

The American Airlines fan-jet story

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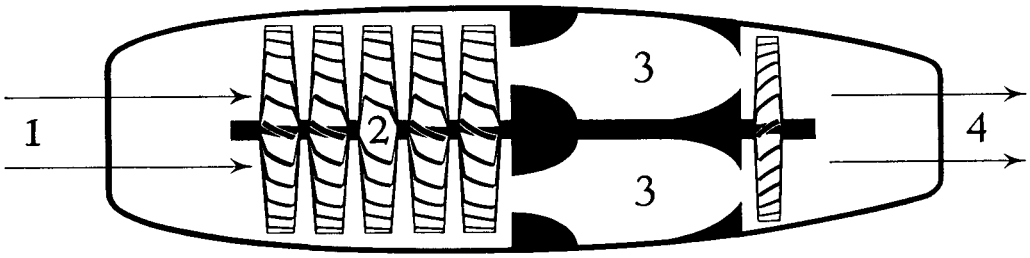
A jet is propelled by the thrust of its engines.

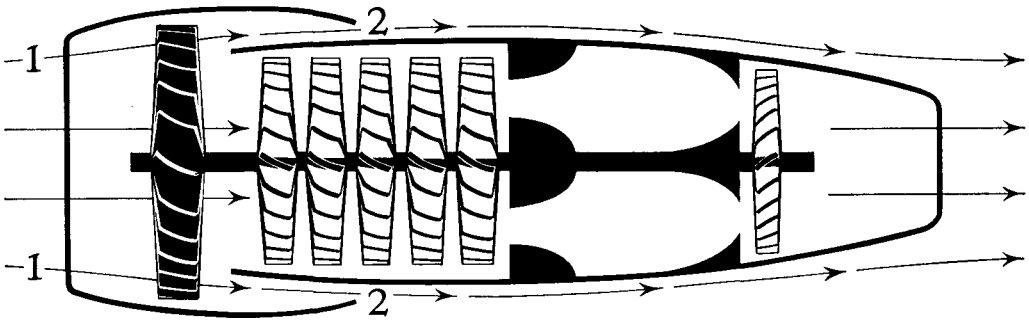
But this thrust comes from a very hot exhaust, and hot air is thin air–a little like a lightweight's punch.

The fan-jet makes a sort of heavyweight out of it.

This engine, which American Airlines helped develop, takes



[Above] Ordinary jet draws air in the front [1], compresses it [2], and heats it in a burner chamber [3]. This expands it and it shoots out the back as exhaust [4].



[Below] Fan-jet draws in extra air through an enlarged inlet [1]. This extra air is partly compressed [2]. Then, still cool, it shoots through side exits as extra exhaust, giving extra power to the plane.

in twice as much air as ordinary jets and gives the thrust twice as much body. The result is 30% extra power–so much that the plane itself had to be changed.

This was the birth of our first Astrojet in 1961.

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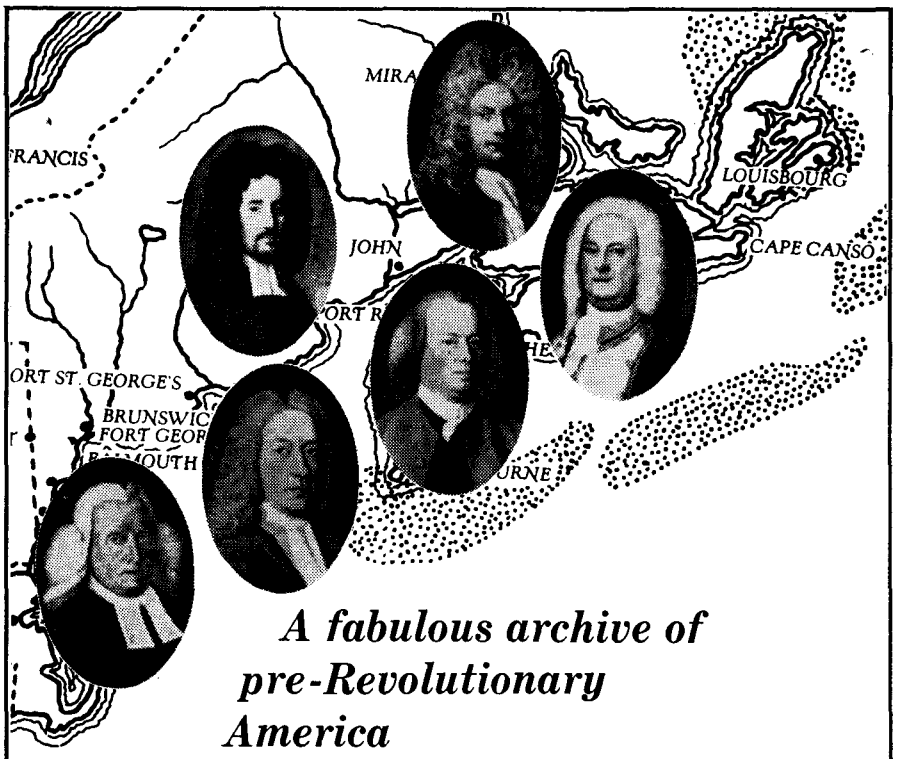

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Foreword by Samuel Eliot Morison

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Saturday Review

June 29, 1963

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He searched and came up with a gum wrapper.

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THE PHOENIX NEST

Edited by Martin Levin

EPITAPH

Here rest the remains of Benjamin Stein,
Who appeared, one night, on *What's My Line?*
Employed by a profit-making organization,
He dealt in a product, for remuneration.
His occupation (test sniffer of snuff)
You must admit was bizarre enough;
But his sin was unforgivable and more:
Alas, he didn't know *how we keep score.* —Paul H. Oehser.

• • •

ENTITLED

TELEVISION writing has at last emerged as literature. I refer not to the television shows themselves, but to their titles. Titles give us television writing at its best and the New Wave in titling amounts to a cultural revolution.

In writing titles, television writers are free to express themselves as they wish. No actor mumbles the title up his sleeve, no "message" (the coward's word for "advertisement") interrupts it. It shines, luminous and pure, on the screen, and as the viewer reads, music reinforces the title's impact.

Consider the title of one segment of *Target, the Corruptors*—"Mr. Megalomania." Oafs such as Newton Minow, late of the FCC, have accused the television industry of caring only for the mass audience. Minow, you are confounded! Does the mass audience know the meaning of the word "megalomania"? Do the sponsors? Clearly, this is a title for the cultural minority, the intellectual elite. In fact, *all* the titles are for the intellectual elite.

In offering such titles as "Soda Pop and Paper Flags," and "Give the Old Cat a Tender Mouse," *Route 66* is bucking for a place in the Anthology of World Literature. How can any writer top such titles with a first act?

Dr. Kildare, the heartthrob of the AMA, offers us "Hand Held Out in Darkness," while *Ben Casey* tantalizes us with "The Sweet Kiss of Madness." Ben Casey himself will probably win the Nobel Prize for Titles with "In the Name of Love, a Small Corruption." What more does the cultural minority want? "Blues for a Gone Goose"? (*The Untouchables.*) —Ira Wallach.

• • •

BIG BOOM IN IMPORTED SECRETARIES

THIS Miss Ren had come to see me on a matter of "greatest importance," and I now sat listening to find out what it was.

"It's becoming *the* thing on Madison Avenue," she said. "I have girls in *all* the major agencies. And the men who've taken them swear they've never had such splendid secretaries."

"Oh?" I said.

"Yes," she said, "and of course the accent, on the phone, gives you prestige you just couldn't acquire any other way. Now look through this brochure. You'll see—"

"But I *have* a secretary," I said. "It's true, she's not Finnish, like your girls, but she has her own little accent, and she can type twenty-five or thirty words—"

"Any double vowels in her name?" said Miss Ren.

"No," I confessed, "but—"

"Well, there you are," she said. "You get a Finnish secretary with double vowels, and you've got yourself something distinctive. Say a Miss Raasik, for example, or a Miss Aakala, or here—how about Miss Maarinskinki?" She flipped more pages in her brochure. "And look—here's Miss Kaataalänen. *Lovely.* Two double vowels, plus an umlaut. Look here, at her picture."

I saw a young blonde with bare shoulders. She was peering out of a doorway. Great billows of steam were coming out all around her. "They're big for baths over there," said Miss Ren. "Very clean. Very tidy. I've brought more than two hundred girls over this year, and all their bosses tell me they're very clean and tidy."

"Do they bathe on their own time?" I asked. (Business is business, after all.)

"Oh yes," said Miss Ren. "They do it at home. They have to. They pour water over hot rocks, I believe. It must make a hell of a noise, all that water hitting the hot rocks, wouldn't you think?"

"How's their typing?" I asked.

"Their typing is A number one," she

The Finnish Line

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said. "And I forgot to say that every girl I've brought over has learned English inside of a year."

"A year!" I exclaimed. "Think of that! I'll bet you and I couldn't learn Finnish in a year. How about it? Do you think *you* could?"

"I'm not much for languages," said Miss Ren. "I used to know the days of the week in Japanese, but that's about all. Now look—let's settle this. All you have to do is pay the girl's air passage from Finland, guarantee to employ her for two years, find her an apartment, pay her first and last month's rent, give her all Finnish and U.S. holidays with pay, and give me my commission, which is equivalent to the first year's salary or $8,500, whichever is greater."

"It's a deal," I said, pulling out my checkbook. "I'll take one right now. Give me that scrubbed-looking chickie with the taffy hair and the umlaut."

And so I rang for poor Miss Meister, who had been with me for years, and told her she was fired. She wept and carried on, being a high-strung, emotional type. I explained that I was out for prestige now, and that I had to keep up with the competition.

Miss Meister stood there, wringing her gnarled old hands and looking limp and soggy. Tears spilled down her cheeks, mixing with the smudges of carbon. "So I'm through," she wailed.

"Yes. Or, putting it another way," I said with a sly chuckle, "you're finished." —HAYES B. JACOBS.

• • •

FAMOUS FIRST (AND INFAMOUS SECOND) LINES

I. Shakespeare

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I come—alas, I often think of nought.

II. Byron

The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold.
Did he gobble them up? No, he folded, I'm told.

III. Browning

That's my last Duchess painted on the wall.
I've scraped, but cannot get her off at all.

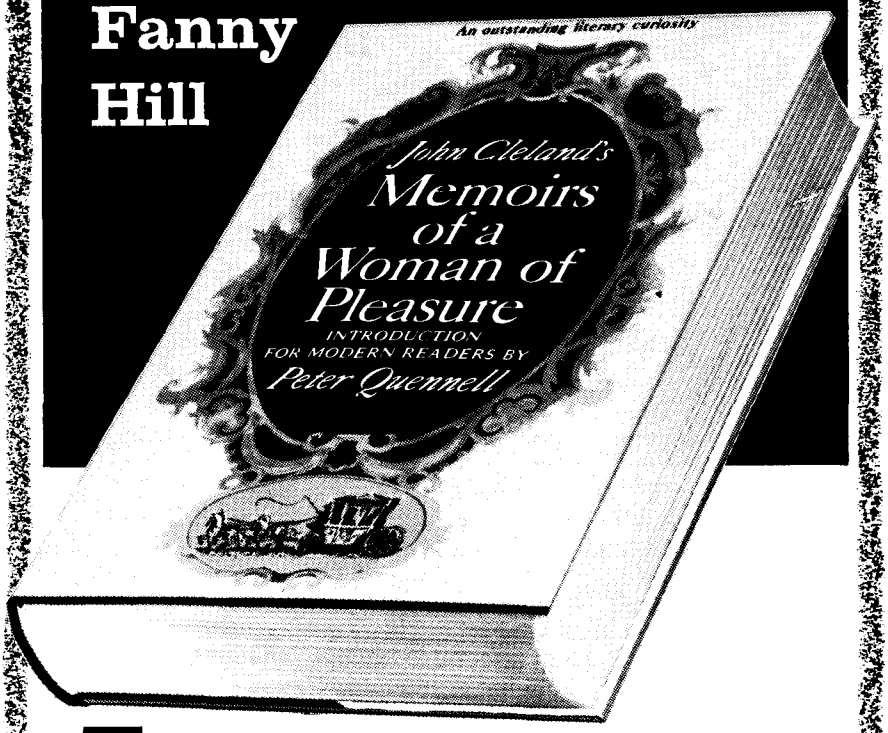
IV. Keats

When I have fears that I may cease to be,
I think: I'll have a lot of company.

—RICHARD ARMOUR.

NOW AVAILABLE

A standard edition of the classic novel about Fanny Hill



First published in the middle of the eighteenth century, probably in 1749, John Cleland's MEMOIRS OF A WOMAN OF PLEASURE has been in constant, though for the most part surreptitious, circulation ever since. Editions, often bearing as a title the name of the heroine, Fanny Hill, have been printed in English not only in Great Britain and the United States but also on the Continent, and the novel has been translated into most of the major European languages.

As has been the case with other frankly erotic novels — and MEMOIRS OF A WOMAN OF PLEASURE is usually regarded as *the* classic erotic novel in English — the text has been altered, added to and bowdlerized in various editions. In preparing the present edition, copies of the novel in the British Museum, the Library of Congress, the New York Public Library and several private libraries were consulted and compared. It is the publisher's belief that the text presented here is as close to the original as is possible to ascertain.

This new edition is further enhanced by a significant Introduction for Modern Readers by Peter Quennell, the British author and historian, and by a prefatory note on the American history of MEMOIRS OF A WOMAN OF PLEASURE.

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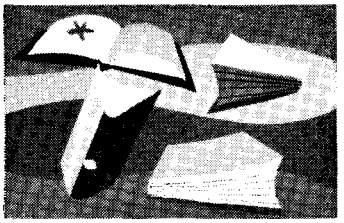
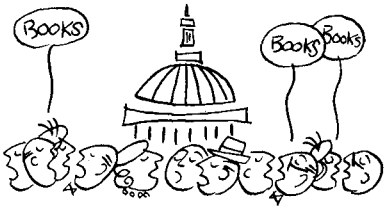
Trade Winds



WASHINGTON, D.C.

ONCE A YEAR a couple of thousand people get together here to talk about books. They are those who vend them and those who publish them, with a few who write them thrown in for color and promotion purposes. This is the convention of the American Booksellers Association. The things one can learn by milling about at the displays or in the smoke-filled hotel rooms!



For instance, *Happiness Is a Warm Puppy* is going to have a sequel, entitled *Security Is a Thumb and a Blanket.* Charles Schulz has peopled this tiny volume with the same characters—Linus, Lucy, Schroeder, Snoopy, *et al.*—and added more trenchant sayings that sound childish but somehow strike with mature force.

Bookstores love to have a *Happiness* come along. Customers don't ask questions; they just grab half a dozen and plunk down the money. Determined Publications has sold almost half a million of them so far. I think *Security* is even more appealing.

Publishers like the trend, too. When the Dial Press salesmen asked for a description of a new book on the list, Virgina Baron merely said, "Happiness is a warm skip rope." It wasn't Greek to the salesmen. She was referring to *The Skip Rope Book*, a lovely collection of rhymes that children jump rope to. It's about the size of the Schulz book, and I guess the salesmen think they have a hot item on their hands. Two young women, Francelia Butler, a Ph.D. and English professor, and Gail Haley, an artist, chased back some 500 years to Henry VIII and medieval Europe to find jump-rope rhymes. Apparently kids have been singing "Charlie Chaplin went to France . . ." for a good long time.

A pretty Cleveland girl named Lois Wyse has done a *Happiness*-size book, too. This is Macmillan's *The I Don't Want to Go to Bed Book*, a cute little thing that talks children into going to bed on time. A nightcap goes with it. Parents read the book to the recalcitrant child, and on the last page grab the nightcap, plunk it on his or her head, and tuck him or her in—theoretically.

ON THE OTHER HAND, if you want large books, just see what Oxford University Press is offering for "only $100"—*The Atlas of Britain and Northern Ireland*, a huge, thorough tome that shows, for example, the exact distribution of the Long-leaved Sundew and the Marsh Andromeda along the banks of Loch Lomond.

Another impressive volume is *The Splendor That Was Egypt*, a revised edition by Margaret Murray, an Englishwoman who is said to be the world's foremost Egyptologist. When Hawthorn Books sent her a biographical questionnaire recently, she replied that it came at a most inopportune moment.

"You have imposed on my time," she

wrote, "because I am busy working on a book on another aspect of Egyptology, I am preparing to write my memoirs, and I am getting ready to celebrate my 100th birthday."

That will be on July 13. Hawthorn will do its part by bringing her book out on that date.

TALK ABOUT great minds running in the same channel! Crown has issued a novel about a talking porpoise, *Penelope*. In an imaginative mood, the editors worked out a deal with the House of Chan, a New York Oriental restaurant, whereby 5,000 Chinese cookies would contain fortunes that plugged the book, like "Everyone needs a porpoise in life. Read *Penelope*."

At the same time Paul Eriksson is publishing *The Chinese-Kosher Cookbook*. It has been written by Bob and Ruth Grossman, who got most of the recipes from a stubborn Jewish grandmother who refused to let her Orthodox cooking chase her modern sophisticated family away from her table. So what kind of stunt does Mr. Eriksson dream

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Irving Kolodin Reports on Music in Europe

In keeping with SR's policy of global music coverage, Mr. Kolodin will cover the following major events on his itinerary:

ENGLAND: New productions in London of Moussorgsky's *Khovanshchina*, Mozart's *Marriage of Figaro*; productions at Glyndebourne of Debussy's *Pelléas et Mélisande* and Strauss's *Capriccio* (first time).

HOLLAND: Revival for Verdi Anniversary of *Falstaff*, Carlo Maria Giulini conducting; Dvorák's *Russalka;* new work by Swiss composer Frank Martin.

FRANCE: Divonne, the famous casino-spa in France eight miles from Geneva, is the scene of a music festival from June 22 to July 10. The schedule includes concerts by the Deller Consort of England, the Solisti di Zagreb, Isaac Stern and Eugene Istomin, Zino Francescatti and Robert Casadesus, the Stuttgart Chamber Orchestra, etc.
Area is in close proximity to Lausanne, Vevey, and Morges as well as Geneva, all of which will be included in coverage.

ITALY: Coverage of summer activities to be included with attention to the recording sessions of *Falstaff* in Rome (RCA Victor).

Saturday Review

up to promote it at the ABA convention? Sure enough, he has hundreds of cookies prepared, inside of which the fortune-seeker is exhorted to purchase the cookbook.

The mind reels at the possibilities. The Grossmans are working on *The Italian-Kosher Cookbook*. I think it would be ingenious to place some promotion material in some pizza pies, perhaps hidden under the anchovies.

I HEARD A friendly argument here between Frances Parkinson Keyes and one of her paperback publishers. She complained about the lurid covers on the paperback editions of some of her books. She particularly objected to an edition whose cover showed a man and a woman embracing over a large sugar kettle, especially since there was no such scene in the book. On one occasion when she was asked to okay a cover, she registered her disapproval by tearing the proof into four pieces and mailing it back.

The paperback publisher listened to Mrs. Keyes's protests and then reasured her that on the covers of her books the man and woman would always be at least two feet apart.

MODERN TIMES: Goddard Light, proprietor of the Lighthouse Bookstore in Rye, New York, says that a major problem is pilfering. In his area the young teens have formed a club whose entrance requirements include the necessity of shoplifting from a local store.

Mrs. Ida Goldsmith, manager of the Mayer and Schmidt bookshop in Tyler, Texas, reported that there is a young people's organization in that part of the country, too. She learned about it when a seventeen-year-old asked for a copy of *Tropic of Cancer* and paid the $7.50 for it with quarters and halves. She questioned him and he replied:

"Oh, a bunch of us have gotten together and formed this club so we could afford the book."

In Rye they may be stealing them, but in Texas, by gum, they're reading them. —Jerome Beatty, Jr.

Solution to Last Week's Kingsley Double-Crostic (No. 1524)

Hayes B. Jacobs:

UNHAPPY TALK
(From *Harper's*, March 1963)

I grew up in a family given to very little, if any, swearing. Not until World War II did I become competent in all forms of it. Living with small detachments of men, jammed together in Quonset huts or barracks, I may have been late blooming, but I was full flowering.

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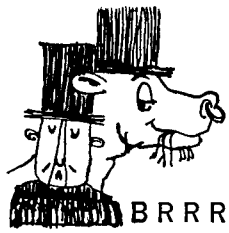

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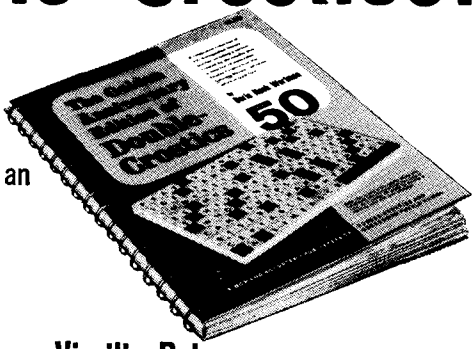
Look who's doing Double-Crostics!

DOUBLE-CROSTICS, Series 50, by Doris Nash Wortman, is just published. In celebration of this golden anniversary book of America's favorite literary puzzles, here are some comments from devoted solvers. They will give you an inkling of the tantalizing joys and lasting rewards of Double-Crosticking.



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"As you know I am a Double-Crostics fan, especially a fan of Mrs. Wortman whose Double-Crostics have caused me more frustration, delight, fury and rewarding satisfaction than any other form of mental gymnastics I know."

Ogden Nash:

"After some thirty years of mingled frustration and fascination I am a more ardent fan than ever."

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"One DC is more entertaining than a year of TV."

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"The book-form DC's have been a great force in strengthening my character. Restraining myself from looking up the answers in the back of the book has developed a will power that has made a man of me. You might be interested to know that the DC appeal is to a much wider audience than elderly fellows like myself. At a *local restaurant*, a few *nights* ago, two of the most beautiful blonde skiers I ever saw came in with a boyfriend, sat at a table near me, and immediately became so lost in the current Saturday Review DC that they almost forgot to drink the Martinis they had ordered."

Elmer Rice:

"You are quite right in assuming that I am a DC fan. What is more, I am quite stuffy about my proficiency. I have done literally thousands of them. So far, I have yet to be stumped."

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"I'm deeply sorry for anyone in this world who doesn't adore doing, or *trying* to do, Mrs. Wortman's Double-Crostics. She's given me more truly wonderful hours than anyone else has ever given me. And more mental exercise, too."

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Marshall Best,

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"I am indeed a Double-Crostic fan and have been since Elizabeth Kingsley started them, way back when. I am constantly surprised to find how well their interest holds up after all these years, and how many good new words they continue to yield."

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"I began Double-Crostics with Book One. From that day up to now, they have given me real joy, excitement, and mental stimulation. Over and over, the final quotation, a reward of your work which no other puzzles seem to offer, has been worthwhile. I've never had a good Double-Crostic fail me."

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Saturday Review
JUNE 29, 1963

"EVERYTHING NAILED DOWN IS COMING LOOSE"

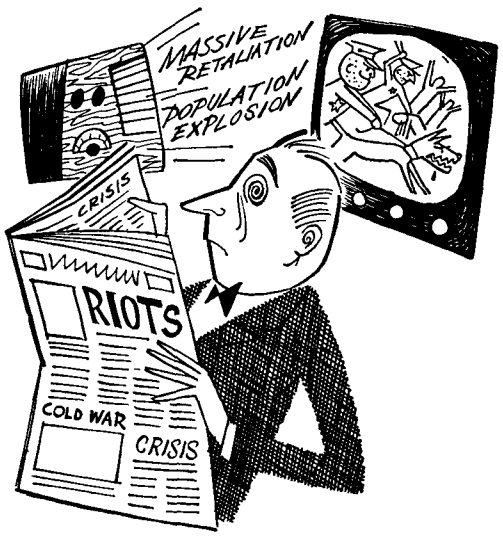
By MARSHALL W. FISHWICK, *author and historian. This article is adapted from the annual Keese Lecture delivered recently at the University of Chattanooga.*

NO LESS a figure than the Angel Gabriel said it. The line occurs in *Green Pastures,* a play by Marc Connelly that has found a permanent niche in the history of American drama. Looking down from heaven on earth's confusion and turmoil, Gabriel noted sadly: "Everything nailed down is coming loose."

When the play appeared, in 1930, it *did* look as if the floorboard of American society were loose: economic collapse, mass unemployment, bank failures, bonus armies, mob violence. Millions in our present Affluent Society remember songs like "Can I Sleep in Your Barn Tonight, Mister?" and "Brother Can You Spare a Dime?" Yet, as they compare the problems of the 1930s with those of the 1960s, they tend to agree with the harassed executive in a recent *New Yorker* cartoon who gazed out of the window and murmured: "Ah, for the good old days, when we had nothing to fear except fear itself!"

Today we see problems that were once regional or at most national inflated to international proportions. Thirty years ago it was the American upper class that feared for its survival in a revolutionary-minded America. Now all of America looks out over an increasingly agitated and questioning world. Once the problem was merely in the corn belt, or the First National Bank, or along Route 66. Now it engulfs six continents and involves the whole human race, two-thirds of which is colored.

Pick up any morning newspaper, and see how well Gabriel's line describes the world situation: "Everything nailed down is coming loose." The "way of life" which historians sometimes called classical liberalism was one of the victims of our troubled times. The cosmology built on parliamentary debate, decent diplomacy, the open market place, and Newtonian physics no longer prevails. We still believe in individualism, but we fear for it in the age of mass media, mass communication, and massive retaliation. "Everybody knows that at some point in the twentieth century America went through a cultural revolution," Henry F. May writes in *The End of American Innocence.* "Glance at a family album, or pick up a book or magazine dated, say, 1907. You will find yourself in a completely vanished world."



Robert Oppenheimer continues in the same vein, and attempts to tell us in what sense the new world has already taken shape and substance: "This world of ours is a new world, in which the unity of knowledge, the nature of human communities, the order of society, the order of ideas, the very notions of society and culture have changed, and will not return to what they have been in the past. What is new is new not because it has never been there before, but because it has changed in quality. One thing that is new is the prevalence of newness, the changing scale and scope of change itself, so that the world alters as we walk in it, so that the years of man's life measure not some small growth or rearrangement or moderation of what he learned in childhood, but a great upheaval."

We are poised, in Secretary of State Dean Rusk's memorable phrase, eyeball to eyeball with our atomic adversaries, realizing that the blowup may occur at any moment. New terms are originated in the Pentagon—spasm response, second strike counterforce capability, counterforce collateral damage. Somehow they sound as unreal and academic as doctrines set forth by the medieval theologians. But we have every reason to know that they are anything but unreal. When a magazine like the *Saturday*

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Evening Post can describe so realistic a man as Robert S. McNamara as advocating the following, we can be sure that we aren't dealing with imaginary crises: "McNamara wants to give the President a whole series of buttons on his nuclear console, from strictly limited tactical nuclear war at one end, through several shadings to Armageddon at the other end."

In short, we must think about the unthinkable. In what era have so many men been so totally exposed so rapidly to such earthquakes of change? The very shaping of history outpaces our ability to absorb and interpret it. "Even when they do not panic," writes C. Wright Mills in *The Sociological Imagination,* "men often sense that older ways of thinking and feeling have collapsed. Newer beginnings are ambiguous to the point of moral stasis. Is it any wonder that ordinary men feel they cannot cope with the larger concepts of history?"

We have left the world of Descartes and Newton, with its closed boxes, and have entered the world of Einstein and John Glenn, with its open spaces. Once-static mind and matter are suddenly fluid. A thousand critical new tasks and challenges confront us—but alas, we have yet to develop a new toolbox of methods, or acceptable axioms of meaning. Until we do so, we can count on intellectual, political, and artistic crisis.

It would be not only immodest but outlandish to attempt to describe that new toolbox and state those new axioms in this brief space. Mine is a more humble, though I hope not insignificant, goal. To the question "Is everything nailed down really coming loose?" I hereby answer, "No." There are five things that seem well anchored, come what may.

The first of these is the nature of history. "The Past! The Past! The Past!" chants Walt Whitman, reminding us of the dark unfathomed retrospect and of:

> Ages and ages returning at intervals,
> Undestroy'd, wandering immortal.

Struggle as we do and must in the web of time, each of us realizes he is involved in the endless search for light on the nature and destiny of man; on the story of what men have experienced with bleeding and rejoicing hearts. Caught in already dying bodies, we look for keys that might unlock reality. The historian's angle of vision is only one among many. It is a vision, dim and partial; yet, as Arnold Toynbee reminds us, true to reality as far as it goes, "of God revealing Himself in action to souls which are sincerely seeking Him." History, in Toynbee's view, is the Epiphany of God.

There are many other definitions. To Cicero history is "the witness of the ages, the mistress of life, the messenger of antiquity." John Seeley labeled history past politics; Carlyle the biography of great men; and Voltaire the propaganda of the victorious. For Bolingbroke history was philosophy teaching by example. Tolstoy held that the subject of history is "the life of peoples and of humanity"; George Curtis reminded us that while we *read* history, we *make* history. No one can sum it up in a few words. One of the pivotal twentieth-century historians, Benedetto Croce, says we must not look around us to see what history is, but return to ourselves. Reality is affirmed to be spirit, which is "an eternal solution and an eternal problem. Its self consciousness is philosophy, which is its history—or history, which is its philosophy, each substantially identical with the other."

Boris Pasternak has Nikolai Nikolaievich say in *Doctor Zhivago*: "History is the systematic exploration of the riddle of death, with a view of overcoming death." Here is true wisdom. Underneath crises and cosmologies is the riddle; the enduring mystery; the unexplainable deviation and endless speculation. Like Old Man River, history keeps rollin' along. But the riverbed itself—the channel through which the water of life flows—stays on.

This suggests another fixed entity: the nature of man. "Human nature," noted Mark Twain, "is a commodity which seems to be widely distributed among the human race." Judging from his own disillusioned final books, Twain would have been happier had it been otherwise—but it could not and has not been so. The immutable, demonstrable fact is that mankind is chock-full of ideas and motives that are often disappointing, sometimes disgusting. He never throws off his burden of original sin. This must be what the ballad singer means when he wails, "A Good Man Is Hard to Find." As an undergraduate recently put it, "All in all, we have to admit that man is a primordial stinker."

Just so—a primordial stinker, but also a fallen angel. Throughout history well-intentioned people want us to believe man is "basically good." How nice if it were true—and how obvious that it isn't. For centuries we have noted this unpleasant perversity inside ourselves. "The things I would do," admitted Saint Paul, "these things I do not. And the things I would not do, these things I do." To echo the Book of Common Prayer: there is no health in us. Here is a certainty on which you can count. Recently I talked with a harassed friend who had just driven 1,000 miles in a small car with two little fellows of his own creation. "After a hundred miles," he reported, "I understood the meaning of original sin . . . and after a thousand, the meaning of total depravity!"

So constructed, man must face what I would consider not only a real but an unchanging reality: the nature of evil. The problem of evil is the most terrible and the most intractable one that vexes the human race. Literature, art, drama, philosophy all bear this out. Evil in and for itself is a universal principle. Wherever man is, there also is evil.

To deny or belittle this is to commit a crime which the Greeks called *hubris*. It is, of course, much easier to recognize it in others than ourselves. How incredible, for example, that the English historian Isaac Taylor could have written only a century ago in his *Ultimate Civilization*: "We are about to see the relics of barbarism—polygamy, infanticide, legalized prostitution, capricious divorce, sanguinary and immoral games, infliction of torture, slavery and caste—disappear from the advancing world."

One would have liked Professor Taylor to serve as a judge at the Nuremberg trials—or, for that matter, to read the history of the world since Queen Victoria's day. He would realize anew what Alexander Pope meant when he characterized man as:

> Created half to rise and half to fall,
> Great lord of all things, yet a prey of all,
> Sole judge of truth, in endless error hurled,
> The glory, jest, and riddle of the world.

How can man be so bad, yet so good? So cruel, yet so kind? If no one has ever quenched the spark of evil inside our hearts, no one has ever destroyed the spark of good either. This is our destiny, our paradox.

Precisely on this paradox a fourth enduring pillar can be erected: the need for creative education. Education is a high word. We need intellectual eyes to see within, as well as physical eyes to see without. The best telescope does not dispense with eyes; the cleverest textbook cannot make a student think. We cannot legislate learning; we can only create the climate of opinion in which it may flourish. We can only urge students and colleagues to seek the eternal in the temporal, the enduring in the passing. If this be our goal, note at once how heavily we must draw upon the humanities and fine arts. It is here that we surrender the exactitudes for the elastic imagery of metaphor and myth. It is here that we go beyond

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mere words to other levels of communication and meaning.

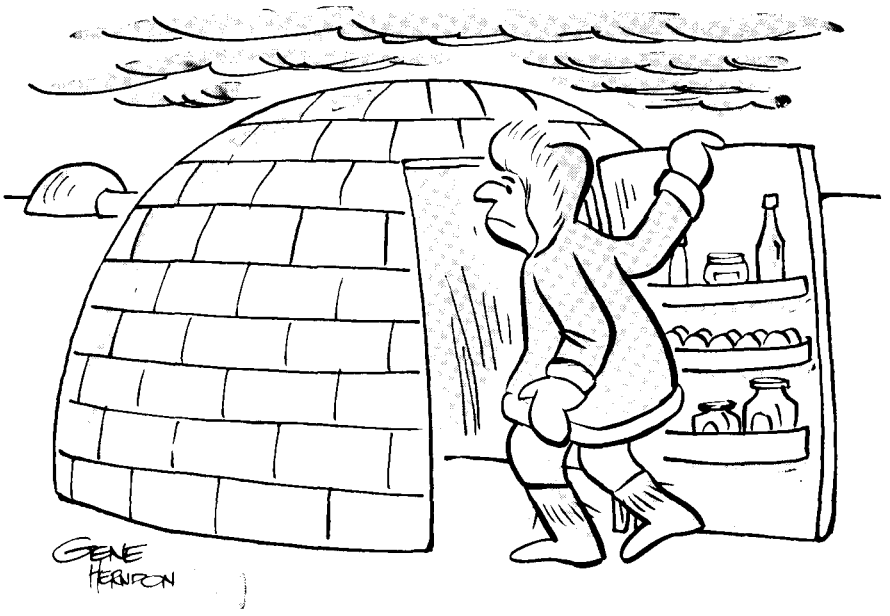
The true passion of creative people is to discover what life is really like. Their knack is distinguishing between appearance and reality. We can never "explain" creativity, any more than we can "explain" devotion, friendship, or a beautiful sunset. But we can say with Walt Whitman that every cubic inch of space is a miracle, and hope those who hear us understand what he meant.

In 1963 the educational front is a dark and bloody ground. Method, content, curricula, and objectives are hotly contested. "Today, though it is possible to get an education in an American university," observes Robert Hutchins wryly, "a man would have to be so bright and to know so much to get it that he wouldn't really need it." Admiral Rickover, that versatile gadfly, argues that the American education establishment has a standard procedure for dealing with critics—they are declared to be ill-intentioned troublemakers and ax-grinders: "The party line reveals on the part of the people to whom we entrust the education of our children a truly appalling misunderstanding of the working of the democratic process."

OUR universities are really multiversities; students tend to know a little about a lot, but not very much about anything. No longer is the classroom the bailiwick of the absent-minded professor, with pipe, shabby tweed suit, and genial befuddlement. In his place is the "new" professor—consultant, coordinator, diplomat, TV personality. Like his industrial counterpart, he is geared to a cold war emergency psychology. "Should peace come," one critic observes, "turmoil on the campus would be as great as it would be in munitions."

If he is not about to dash off to "save" a wavering neutralist nation, the professor is off to a Washington committee, a foundation watermelon-cutting, or a professional meeting where he comes forth with a timely joke. He is, in short, the non-professor. Anyone left teaching is apt to be considered an ugly duckling not asked to go flying off around the world. Recently an eminent professor at the University of Chicago was quoted as saying, "The sight of an undergraduate makes me ill." What sort of intellectual rapport are people like *this* apt to create?

Education has, in a relatively few years, become a billion-dollar business in its own right: it is dizzy from success. Michel's iron law of oligarchy has started to work: every reform movement becomes bureaucratized and hierarchical. David Riesman warns us



to beware of the stalemate of success. "Like a mobile man who has shot to the top so fast as to arrive there with undissipated energies and time to look around, American intellectual and educational leadership often seems haunted by the question where to go from here."

All this ferment is healthy, of course; but it can be confusing and exasperating, too. There are fads in education, as in so many other things. How easy it is to become absorbed with the ticktacktoe of educational theory! But underneath this is the changeless core, so well perceived centuries ago by Plato. "Let those pieces of learning which explain life be brought together in one view," he wrote, "so that the relations of things will be clear." Our job is to ask significant questions about critical matters. We must enkindle understanding of the world of solitude and wonder; of guilt and temptation; of specks of gold in piles of ore. We must maintain a relentless, furious search for truth—no matter what this might show us, or how jolted we may be. Already our generation has murdered infinity and fused space and time into space-time. This does not mean that we have abandoned ritual, archetypes, and stereotypes. Instead, we have created new ones for our times. The type of education needed now must take these metamorphoses into its ken.

People live by the mythology of their time. Every age is credulous in its own way. How could our distant ancestors ever have believed that earth and heaven were made out of a severed egg, heaven being the shell, earth the yolk, the sea the surrounding fluid? That mountains were the bones of a mighty giant, the earth his festering flesh? That rain clouds were cows with full udders, waiting to be milked by the winds of heaven? We wonder. Yet someday people may ask, "Did they *really* believe they were splitting atoms, and that *this* was what made their bombs explode?"

Myths are stories that describe and illustrate dramatically deep structures of reality. They use imagery to express other-worldliness in terms of this world, the divine in terms of the human. All religions depend heavily on myth. Any sentence with "God" as its subject automatically ends up with mythic overtones. The only non-symbolic thing we can say about God is that he is symbolic.

True places, Herman Melville noted, are not found on maps. They are reached not by roads but by intuition. We set sail on the *Pequod*, and soon are looking into the evil eye of the great white whale, Moby Dick. At the heart of literature and culture are myths, metaphor, archetypes, and folklore. They spring from the same deep pool as do fairy tales, sagas, romances, ballads, novels, and nursery rhymes. All these priceless fruits grow somehow on one golden bough. Even in a restless age, this ancient tree will not be uprooted.

The secular world, as well as the religious, has long understood this. Scholars have observed how mythology is transformed into history, history into folklore, and folklore into literature. The main intellectual constructions on which thought systems are built fuse concept and emotion into an image. Plato's Ideas. Kant's Categories, Goethe's Mothers, and Jung's Archetypes illustrate this well. Whenever philosophers get to the point where abstract ratiocination can go no further, they move over to myth. The history of ideas is

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not simply the exposition of theoretical views, but also the history of the deformations undergone by these ideas when other men adopt them, the history of the half-conscious beliefs into which ideas conceived by the few promptly transform themselves. "I find it easier to believe in a myth of gods and demons than in one of hypostatised abstract nouns," C. S. Lewis admits in *The Problem of Pain*. "And after all, our mythology may be nearer to literal truth than we suppose."

Plato, Kant, Goethe, Jung, Lewis—indeed we have a goodly heritage. How fresh and relevant their words sound, after one or one hundred or one thousand years. To read and study them is to encounter another unchangeable factor in the ever-fluctuating formula of history: the need for hope. Our best weapon against today's doubt is human faith. Man has not come this far merely to annihilate himself. He has got too many glimpses of changeless things—the nature of history, the nature of man, the paradox of good and evil, the need for education, the need for hope—to surrender now. We cannot expect an *easy* victory; but we can hope for an *eventual* one if we retain our faith in human wisdom and ingenuity, and the world beyond reason and ingenuity. Belief for belief, our system has better chances for survival than those that threaten to destroy us.

The intellectual and moral response of the United States depends on the people who are studying and working in schools and universities across the land. How can we formulate and teach "nailed down truths" in the years ahead? How can we set in motion significant creative changes in our educational systems and individual investigations? How can we see that as many potentialities as possible are developed in our democracy? How shall we start and maintain bold intellectual ferment?

Here are questions and challenges for all sorts and conditions of men. Drawing from what William Faulkner called our "still unspent and yet unexhausted past," we move forward on what we know full well will be a perilous, grief-filled journey. No one put the whole matter more beautifully than Thomas Wolfe: "I think that we are lost here in America, but I believe we shall be found. I think the *true* discovery of America is before us. . . . the true fulfillment of our spirit, of our people, of our mighty and immortal land, is yet to come. These things are certain as the morning, as inevitable as noon. I speak for most men living when I say that our America is here, is now, and beckons on before us. This glorious assurance is not only our living hope but our greatest dream."

TEACHING STUDENTS TO WRITE

I Remember Eda Lou

By CLAIRE BURCH

FROM the mild custard that was my college education in the Forties remains a memory pungent as a clove. It is of Eda Lou Walton, a writer-teacher at New York University who gave fifty years to higher education.

Contradictory and complex, Eda Lou was never a teacher of the "enemy camp," using grades like bullets to plow down or advance the student soldier. She was no Mrs. Chips, no optimist, no evangelist out for converts; for she was no believer in numbers. The suggestion that there is no such thing as a bad boy would have sent her into a great rush of cynical laughter, for she believed—strongly—in the reality of evil.

She hated to fail a student. You could breeze through her creative writing courses and go on to be a CPA for all she cared; she didn't consider it any of her business.

But if you had—or developed—an esthetic urge, she was *your* teacher. Eda Lou simply attempted, from her hard core of brilliance, perception, and absolute pitch, to improve minds that sought improvement. All she needed was evidence of your desire to reach top level; when she had the evidence she would drain herself dry.

As a mentor of creative writing, Eda Lou was not infallible, but the help she gave was permanent. In leafing through *This Generation*, the anthology of American literature she put out with George Anderson of Brown, I am struck again by her unfailing taste. The old snap judgments made by the slender girl in batik were remarkably on the nose. At the lectern in silly hat and high heels, timid and tentative at the start of a lecture, she revealed little of her inner whiplash grasp of the literary scene. But she judged writing with the unsentimental accuracy of a meat grader.

In her exams, Eda Lou never asked a question that required a date in answer. Time was, to her, an amiable blur. She preferred our heads to siphon in ideas and intuitions rather than cram themselves with facts. Her questions were what, in academic argot, are known as the "essay" type. Her favorite, repeated with variations: "Rewrite Eliot's *The Waste Land* as Robert Frost might have written it. Write Keats's *Ode to a Grecian Urn* as if it were written by Edna St. Vincent Millay." The brain-stretching required by these innocent tasks was more painful and more productive than memorizing dates and titles.

So frail that she was once knocked flat by a mild gust of wind in Washington Square, Eda Lou classified beginning writers in terms of quality and future status without a minor error in thirty-five years. Her anthology is a literary *Birds of America*. In it even species now extinct are given their exact due, for fashion was so much spinach to Eda Lou, and the best-seller list a vogue as ephemeral as this year's short skirts.

Eda Lou knew many writers personally. She fed them, encouraged them, kept them from suicide, and supplied them with typewriters borrowed from NYU, where she taught "Literature of This Generation" from 1924 to 1958. Hart Crane loved to drop in on her. William Troy, Leonie Adams, Thomas Wolfe, Frederick Prokosch, Vardis Fisher formed the hub of a literary wheel that spun through the Village in the 1920s and included nearly every major figure.

AS a teacher, Eda Lou had this gift: she was inalterably convinced that no one learns anything by just being told. She had a capacity to enlarge and restore a writer with praise—a praise extravagant and absurd—when she sensed his potential: "Why that's absolutely first rate. . . . Tremendous! You've got it all, the scene, the flow of real speech, the meaning below the surface. It's touching, it's extraordinary, you must do more."

Her grades were extraordinary. An "A-plus" was not unusual, and I remember one freshman theme honored with an encouraging "A-plus-plus-double-plus." But you couldn't fake it with Eda Lou; from my pile of freshman themes I remember some particularly ignominious papers.

Eda Lou Walton was a kind of method actor. In every lecture, she groped her way from her original Southwest girl's shyness to a whirlwind clarity of ideas; she was a crack lecturer, once she got rolling.

But I remember her more clearly *outside* the classroom, chicken-scratch-

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ing all over our manuscripts, suggesting, correcting, questioning, and concluding after the scissors job: "Keep going. Maintain same tone. This is really topnotch." Depressed one day, I cut her class, only to meet her in Chock Full O'Nuts. "I'm cutting, too," she said understandingly. "Some days I just can't listen to myself."

Like many of her adopted waifs, my husband and I spent much time in the Forties in Eda Lou's Waverly Place apartment, where she lived with her husband, David Mandel. Unforgettable were the huge front room, lined and littered with books, the passageway kitchen in which Eda Lou would eat anything accessible to a can opener, and the bedroom cubicle in which hung a full-length portrait of Eda Lou, soulful, Edwardian, and nude. To Eda Lou, sex was as offhand as vacuum-cleaning, something to be discussed as casually as the weather.

Feminine and delicate in appearance, unconsciously masculine in approach, Eda Lou might have spent her declining years under someone's care if she hadn't so early shown an infernal ability to care for whoever happened along. She carried a pack of family responsibilities that demanded extra income, which she got from constant book reviews for the *Nation*, the *Dial*, the *American Mercury*, the *Tribune*, and the *Times*. Hardly anyone knew her as an original writer of distinction, despite the fact that she published poetry and anthologies.

Although by the Forties she had carved her niche in the underpaid, dusty, but well-regarded "little magazines," and in the review sections of the quality magazines, her academic possibilities diminished. Even with the success of *This Generation* she never received sufficient royalties to ease her burden. Most of her life she was a nervous petitioner for salary advances and loans, all of which she repaid, and all of which went into her bottomless well of responsibilities.

Sometimes she tried to escape these responsibilities, as in *Wreath for a Congressman*, written for her father, New Mexico's first U.S. Representative:

> As if a hand upon the desk were gone
> tenure of office ended in the dusk
> The pen's rust
> closing the signature,
> the worn chair empty
> and no client on the stair.
> Still listening for his step
> I lock the door
> Because I must
> Knowing this verdict just. . . .
> . . . For if he was my father, I am
> more than ever he bargained for
> as are so many daughters now
> pleading a calmed brow
> not rightly.

She had little for herself, in wealth or recognition, because she spread herself thin. She was an employment agency for undergraduates and alumni. Armed with B.A.s, my husband and I crashed into her world in 1947 to join the hundreds floating around her like confetti. It was many weeks before we found work, but while we waited Eda Lou "needed us" to organize her library and she paid us for odd jobs. By coincidence, she decided that her library was organized enough on the day my husband got his first real job. Students, promising poets, writers down on their luck—she gave to all of us, freely, of her time, her thought, her money. Selfish little beasts, all of us; we thought we had years left, we were always going to repay her.

EDA LOU gave of herself totally. Unlike many writers of her caliber who taught, she never hoarded herself. If, in a bleak moment, she spoke of how wonderful it would be if she didn't "have to teach," it was a rueful wish that she never took seriously. But even though her own poetry never caught on, it was clearly first rate. It was sacrificed to her total commitment to teaching, and she always gave more than was required.

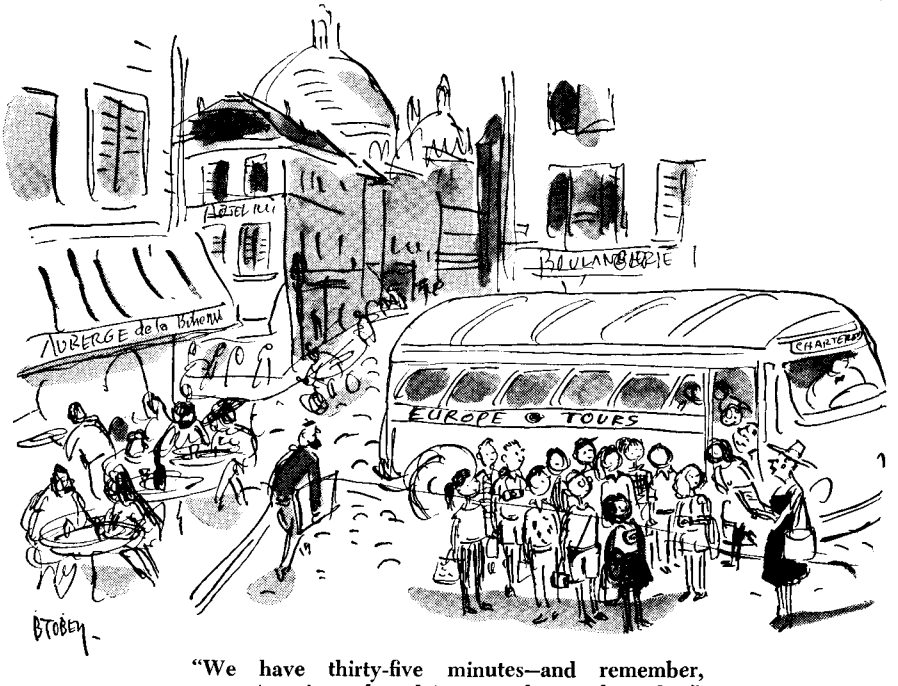
Eda Lou was outwardly a cool cookie. I remember her describing Hart Crane's suicide in her cold, unemotional voice. But without hearing a single inflection of sorrow, I felt her compassion.

As a teacher of creative writing, Eda Lou advanced opinions not easily forgotten. She disapproved of writers who considered the short story intrinsically inferior to the novel. "The illumination of character possible in a short story," she said, "is so tremendous that this is the whole point."

IN evaluating a manuscript she underlined the sentimental, the redundant, and the muddy, but she never wearied of their recurrence, accepting them in us at our age as in the nature of the beast. She knew that our excesses of adolescence could not be destroyed without destroying our whole spirit. She had total confidence that the excesses would pass as we matured. "Keep reading," she'd say. "Keep making comparisons."

As our prose got purple and we imitated the worst of Thomas Wolfe, she stayed calm. I sometimes suspected her of encouraging our folly and once told her so. "Of course I do," she said smartly. "It's better to have German measles as a child than later. It does a writer no harm to go through periods of slavish imitation of someone's turgid or clipped style. If work continues, the boat will right itself."

Her advice to writers could be contained in one sentence: "Write it." Never mind the impediments or the soul-searching; get something down on paper. She had a pioneer faith in the ultimate effectiveness of effort. She believed that persistent writing of one's



"We have thirty-five minutes—and remember, every American abroad is a traveling ambassador."

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thoughts would start the juices flowing.

I never heard Eda Lou encourage a nonfiction writer in the therapeutic way she did poets and novelists. She looked at the nonfiction writer as a sturdy plant that needed no prodding to produce; in fact, if she had had her way nine-tenths of these plants would be plowed under. Once, buttonholed for advice by a brilliant critic-to-be, she replied: "Get the best education you can. Master the tools of research. Don't consider any complicated idea well expressed until it is presented so clearly that a feeble-minded sixteen-year-old would get the drift." Pedantry and obscurity drove her wild.

She persistently advised us to write about what we knew, until our imitation of life was distilled into art. She had an instinct for pruning, for cutting back, for bare eloquence. The clear icy poet in her hated the spaghetti of contemporary prose. But although she sand-blasted the mature artist for this primary sin, she allowed extra adjectives to the young.

Eda Lou *lived* the self-discipline she taught. Despite family difficulties and an urge to do creative work, she pounded out book reviews and anthologies. "It's nothing," she'd say offhandedly. "I simplify decisions. I eat the same daily breakfast and lunch. My work place is always set up, and I write *something* every day."

NO writer ever succeeds without inner help, but Eda Lou primed the artistic pump faster than most psychiatrists. Her most effective method was money; from her NYU salary she would literally *pay* promising novelists and poets to write. She believed that this help could relieve the soul-torture of creative writers, particularly sensitive young husbands with three children; she subsidized some writers for years.

Eda Lou told us that writing was like food. "You have to eat something every day," she said, "but it doesn't always have to be something good. Cook yourself a meal, warm it up, shove it in." The severe self-criticism that keeps pen from paper she considered the block of blocks. Somewhere in a lifetime of bad writing, she maintained, the first-rate in anyone is bound to emerge.

And Eda Lou could use the shock treatment, too. A bright young man gave her seventeen reasons why he couldn't write. Fourteen of them sounded pretty valid to me, but not to Eda Lou. "You think the stuff will stink," she told him.

Eda Lou was innocent in the marketing of literary material, but directed us freely through any doors that were open to her, and she wrote enough letters of recommendation to fill a diplomat's briefcase.

The writers she held up to us as models were an untidy crew. Besides Joyce, they were mostly poets, a very few novelists, a few short story writers like Katherine Anne Porter. Eda Lou was concerned less with the best than with the contemporary. Her approach was to give us authors with whom we could identify. There were Hart Crane, Robinson Jeffers, Wallace Stevens, and T. S. Eliot, all of whom were in some way flawed, all of whom challenged our souls. She lingered over lesser lights, too, and we took them to our hearts: Horace Gregory, Muriel Rukeyser, William Carlos Williams. The bases of her choices were personal, lyric, and warm.

Behind all this float scenes I cannot shake: Eda Lou Walton's family background, the querulous nostalgia into which she was born. She assumed her burdens like an infant Moses who weaves his own basket from the bulrushes. And she conveyed to us the tone of that era she called "The War and the Wastelanders" as if we were living through it. This had been *her* growing-up time, a lean time for adolescents. The war and the wasteland molded her later life as nothing else, sapping her courage and self-belief, shaking and weakening her roots. In his *Anthem for Doomed Youth* (I can hear her reading it now), Wilfred Owen wrote what might have been her funeral oration in 1961: "Their flowers the tenderness of patient minds/and each slow dusk a drawing down of blinds."

The last time Eda Lou functioned for us as a teacher was in 1954, when we visited her and her husband in Wachung, New Jersey. As usual, her digs had acquired an atmosphere somewhere between a Village coffeehouse and an institution for the chronically ill: the house half unpacked; Bedlington pups; thousands of books in barrels; an aged relative "interminably making chicken soup"; Scotch, epsom salts, vodka, Empirin, gin, and ammonia. Papers and poetry were everywhere. Manuscript pages flew out of windows. As we sipped coffee she read Yeats to our two-year-old.

"You don't have to give up everything for art," she said that night. "It's a bloody fake to think that shedding responsibilities can leave you light enough to do what you couldn't do otherwise. You make your little esthetic dent by observing as best you can, and turning the mess you see into some order.

"Wherever you stand, you see the makings of art. You just put it down. You put it down large and clumsy and you pare it until there isn't any excess. If you're afraid to put it down for fear it will be bad, forget the whole thing; get lost. Mostly it *will* be bad. Keep going, like a workman. And keep cleaning up at the end of the workday."

After that visit, our lives became more complicated, and the possibility of spending literary weekends with Eda Lou grew remote. Those were the years in which we learned what she had so mercifully never told us: that the Marines *don't* always land, that accident and change rule the world.

NOR were those years good to Eda Lou. Her marriage ended. And after retiring from NYU at sixty-five, she got a job at Bennett College in North Carolina, living right next to a four-lane highway that roared all night and sent her to sleeping pills. Her letters to us, querulous and cranky, if full of small jokes, were battle-weary.

Thirty years before she could have fought inertia, plunged into the deep education of youngsters poorly prepared. Now she was tired, and a desperation ran through her letters like a small night alarm on a large street.

One day we got a letter from Professor Cargill of NYU. He told us that Eda Lou had gone to California, fallen, suffered a severe concussion, and died without regaining consciousness. My husband and I looked at each other, mute, ashamed of ourselves and the world that had burned up her talent, her energy, and her love. Her life seemed like nothing: a pile of published reviews and book, and howling Bedlington pups.

But *was* her life nothing? Not if you had been Eda Lou's student. If you had been, you couldn't forget her passion for the right word and the clear word, or her large and effective concern for what the apprentice writer was trying to express.

Like some great paintings seen up close, all that was visible in Eda Lou were rough spots and cracks. But viewed from a slight distance, a radiance prevailed:

Bread shall be given
and nothing more be asked
for the flask is empty
and eye knows
the whole harp like lie
of the traditional rose.
Dust spins a cricket music
dry and ineffable
on every lidded window sill
and the blind guest above the kindled
fire forgets his angel
and the lyre.
This has our autumn cost.

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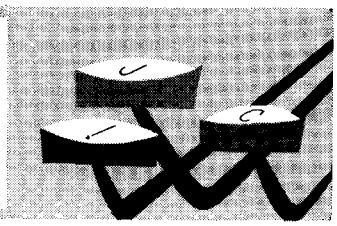
Manner of Speaking



SOME GOOD MEN THERE ARE: James Meredith and the University of Mississippi come to the end of this school year with what I must believe to be the certain knowledge that each has forever changed the other.

It is, of course, Meredith who emerges as the heroic figure, though so quietly and in so low a key that the drama of his courage lies forever beyond the language of headlines. There is no dramatic sprint and slam-bang in Meredith's sort of heroism. He is more nearly the marathoner, a man plodding step by step, pacing himself, not looking to right or left, but just managing to get one foot in front of the other over the long course, and to conserve his energies by keeping the most austere and sustained watch on himself and his every gesture.

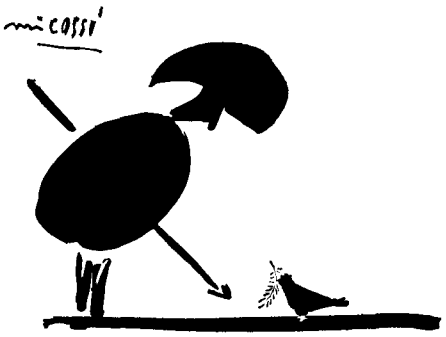
God knows what it must cost a man inside himself to plod that course, to keep himself forever under his own surveillance, to realize that he must present himself in public not as a man but as an image and that the least impetuous gesture from inside the man might destroy what that image must accomplish.

How does a man manage to keep himself so rigidly on guard and still listen to lectures, read his lessons, prepare his papers, eat, sleep, breathe, be lonely for his wife, and carry all the irrational powers and persuasions any psyche moves to? How does he keep from punching a wall, or throwing a book through the window, or just standing up in his room alone and howling?

Only a terrifying dedication can sustain that man. But before we admire, we will do well to remember that we are all guilty of the crime of forcing that dedication upon him, of taking the spontaneity and the irrationality and the jokes and the romps out of this man's life and of replacing all those easy natural impulses with this austerity of self-watchfulness.

For whatever comfort it may be to a good man—and to all of us—Meredith's fraught days have not been wasted and he is not alone. I think Mr. Meredith might like to see the following passage from a letter to a friend of mine written by a member of the University of Mississippi faculty. I think all of us may find good cause in it. If nothing else, let it register the fact that the South is not finally the voice of the red-neck. Some good men there are. There is a beginning. And if it is still too little and too slow, it will yet increase and accelerate.

> The worst things you've read about Mississippi are, of course, true; and yet, also of course, they don't really convey the experience of those of us in the midst of it. A small group of us, for instance, have tried desperately to be brave and honest men. I've been at least brave and honest enough to keep myself scared sick about half the time.
>
> I saw most of the riot and saw the state highway patrol flatly desert. Enraged at state and school officials who tried to cover up the fact of desertion and to blame the marshals for the disorders, I joined in signing a statement denouncing the lie and supporting the federal government. I made period-long speeches in my classes, attacking the idiocy and dishonesty of the state line, and I flatly called Governor Barnett a demagogue. I patrolled the campus with other faculty members, trying to intimidate the students into decency. I wrote to the state's largest and most segregationist paper stating my opposition and my reasons for it. I have eaten here with Meredith and consistently defended him.
>
> There was, of course, nothing else I could do, and maybe I'm kidding myself in thinking I haven't compromised. But I have at least tried to do what I had to do.
>
> There is more to be said, naturally. I would never have dreamed that such a situation could have been so far-reaching, could have seeped down to the very roots of all the life here and so profoundly, and so subtly, altered everything I have known here all these years.
>
> Social groups, cliques, etc., have been completely broken up in some cases, and drastically recast in others. Old friends merely smile nervously in passing, afraid to discuss anything fundamental. New groups have been formed. Individuals and families that have always been, if not outcasts, at least neglected, now have a purpose and a close group of friends among either the "liberals" or the "conservatives."
>
> And all of us, faculty, students, and townspeople (and probably most state people), have a new perspective on ourselves, the perspective from outside brought here by soldiers and newsmen and Justice Department officials and visiting AAUP members—the whole thing magnified also by the incessant and stinging publicity.
>
> Then, in class, almost everything any man has to teach has some fundamental connection with liberalism or conservatism, with race purity or mixing. And now the students are hypersensitive to those connections, and vitally concerned with them, especially in the classes of those of us who have publicly announced our support of integration, of federal law, and of the Kennedys.
>
> My! In this respect, I doubt that I'll ever live a more vital, fruitful year. It's so obliging of fate, since I lacked the initiative to go out and join my whaler and hunt Moby Dick, to bring him right down to my bungalow and throw him in on me. Of course, I wasn't so grateful while I was still floundering under the big so-and-so.
>
> And this eventual profit will come to the whole state, I think. None of us can ever be so provincial again, or so trivial. Well, few of us.
>
> I can think of one or two professors who seem hardly aware that anything has happened. Yet even they must realize that subtle way in which they have been altered in the eyes of the rest of us. Where before they had seemed clever and amusing, now they are embarrassing, and that at least will touch them.
>
> And the state as a whole will change, much more quickly than I imagine you could guess. Even the politicians can never quite utter the same hollow nonsense on the platforms. I wouldn't bet that it will show up in this summer's elections—the change I mean—but I wouldn't be at all surprised. And four years from now it will be apparent.
>
> Of course many of us are looking to be fired this summer. I may not be because I am not important enough, but several of my closest friends probably will be, and I'll probably resign in protest if that happens.
>
> So, after long silence, that's where I am. Where are you, and how do things look from there?



A good question. Let me leave everyman to his own answers.

—JOHN CIARDI.

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The Default of the Educated Man

NOT long ago, I spoke on the subject of the United Nations at a teachers' convention in Portland, Oregon. A woman approached me after the talk. She said she disagreed completely on the suggestion that teachers give visible support to the U.N. She wanted the U.N. to get out of the U.S. and the U.S. to get out of the U.N.

"You probably think you did some good with this propaganda of yours about the U.N.," she said. "That's where you're wrong. What if you had an enthusiastic response? It doesn't mean a thing. You told the teachers it was important to write to people in government on important public issues. That's a laugh. How many letters do you think you will get out of this crowd? A dozen, maybe? It's less than nothing alongside what I've done and the people working with me have done."

I asked the lady what she and her friends had done.

"Last week alone, just by myself, I wrote five hundred letters against the United Nations. I wrote them to the President, Senators, Congressmen, businessmen who advertised in newspapers or magazines that supported the U.N., to letters-to-the-editor departments. And more than thirty people in my group have been doing the same thing."

There is good reason to believe the lady was not exaggerating. For many months, the mails of public officials and periodicals have been flooded with angry letters on a wide variety of subjects, of which peace in general and the United Nations in particular seem to be prime targets. At times, the mail against the U.N. has run as high as fifteen to one. Whether the Portland lady and her group are part of a nationwide systematic effort I have no way of knowing. But there can be no doubt that the mails have become a battering ram for extremist views.

Obviously, the President and the Congress are not allowing themselves to be stampeded by letters alone. Public opinion polls on the U.N. refute the mailbag. But the preponderance of negative mail is disturbing nonetheless. Even if four-fifths of it is discounted, that still leaves a substantial number. What troubles and mystifies the lawmakers most of all is the relative absense of pro-U.N. mail. It would appear that the lady from Portland was even righter than she knew. By and large, educated people can be counted upon not to write on important public questions.

The matter baffles me. One of the attributes of a truly educated man in a free society is his awareness of the way that society functions. Yet an astonishing illiteracy exists among otherwise intelligent, educated people about the workings of public opinion. Letter-writing to officials is part of the phenomenon of public opinion—not the only part and perhaps not even the most effective part—but it is a part nonetheless. Yet this fact somehow doesn't seem to make a dent in the thinking of many well-educated persons. And so they become part of a massive default — a default gleefully exploited by those who are using every trick in the democratic book, as is their right, to create the impression that their view is the dominant one.

"I don't see much point in writing letters to people in government," a professor of sociology told me. "The letters will not be read. They may be tabulated, perhaps; but they will not be read."

It seemed to me that the professor may have missed the point. Even if the letters are tabulated, this is a significant fact. What is wrong with tabulation? Elections couldn't be held without tabulation. Would a man be justified in declining to vote because he is given no opportunity to explain the reasons behind his preferences?

Another stereotyped objection by many intelligent persons to letter-writing on political issues is that the President and Congressmen don't really attach importance to them. This is an assumption. I can bear witness to the fact that on the various occasions when I have had the opportunity to discuss foreign policy issues with the President —and this includes the three previous occupants of the White House—the President has referred to public sentiment as reflected in his mail. These references have been even more pointed in discussions with Senators. One of the favorite topics in conversations among Senators has to do with comparative evaluation of their correspondence.

Of course letters are important. They have never been more important. The President has the obligation to lead, but the people have the obligation to respond, one way or the other. It would be a mistake to expect the President to get too far out in front. Only as he becomes aware of the fact of attention and support can he feel strengthened in proceeding on a certain course. In particular, the President's talk at American University on June 10, in which he proposed a new context for our approach to the atomic age, calls for a profound response. That speech serves as something of a litmus-paper test of the credentials of any citizen who would like to feel useful on the key peace issues of our time. It is difficult to take such credentials seriously unless he has taken the trouble to write to the President about the talk. And, while he is at it, he might also write congratulatory letters to Senators Dodd and Humphrey, who introduced the resolution signed by thirty-two senators calling for a moratorium on nuclear testing. —N.C.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

DOES NEATNESS REALLY COUNT?

N.C.'s EXCELLENT EDITORIAL "Why Johnny Can't Write" [*SR*, June 8] should be circulated among all teachers of writing. The simple but necessary conditions he recommends are too often ignored, not because circumstances prevent, but because too many teachers are impatient with the creative process. To achieve order and elegance in writing, it is often necessary to proceed somewhat inelegantly. With the modern fetish for public neatness, teachers like to keep up the appearance of order and efficiency. This can be disastrous in the teaching of writing, art, and the truly intellectual aspects of science.

JOHN WALTON,
Department of Education,
Johns Hopkins University.
Baltimore, Md.

IT IS MY HOPE that N.C.'s editorial will have the influence on composition instruction it should have. He has bluntly and pointedly stated the case for the difficult art of writing.

However, lest he think there are no teachers who share his beliefs, I would like to call attention to the following paragraph from the January 1963 issue of *Elementary English*, a publication of the National Council of Teachers of English:

> It is true there may be professionals who do not need the careful editing a book receives before being printed. But the writer who can dash off a superior sketch on first flush of inspiration is a rarity among students. We teachers should mandate such rereadings and revisions as will make a repellent mess of each writing if necessary. Only then might we urge such perfection of appearance as each teacher finds appropriately satisfactory.

Let us hope your editorial will be taken to heart in every classroom in the nation, despite the bugaboo of examinations.

ISADORE LEVINE.
Long Island City, N.Y.

THE EDITORIAL "Why Johnny Can't Write" brought back the recollection of a struggle to express myself about issues that were important to teachers but not to me.

I think it would be interesting to survey numerous people who received C's and D's in college English and then went beyond school to use language as a means of oral and written communication effectively and creatively.

It would merely emphasize the hiatus that exists between the effort to teach writing and its actual practice. . . .

(Rabbi) MURRAY GRAUER.
White Plains, N.Y.

THE EDITORIAL "Why Johnny Can't Write" disappointed me very much. I think you present an unrealistic picture of a valuable technique in the teaching of English. Writing within a time limit is an exercise. Through practice in expression, the student acquires a greater facility in the language and the ability to put down his ideas with exactness.

This exercise is by no means a substitute for longer assignments. On the contrary, the experience gained should be applied to essays and themes. I am certain that the intent of educators is to assist slow and careful writing, not to replace it. . . .

LORAN THOMPSON,
Student, George School.
George School, Pa.

N.C. FORGETS that pressure is a necessary part of education, not to mention of life itself, especially in the twentieth century. If he has an alternative for the pressure of a deadline—to push every student to his limit, to see what he or she can do when it really counts—let him suggest it.

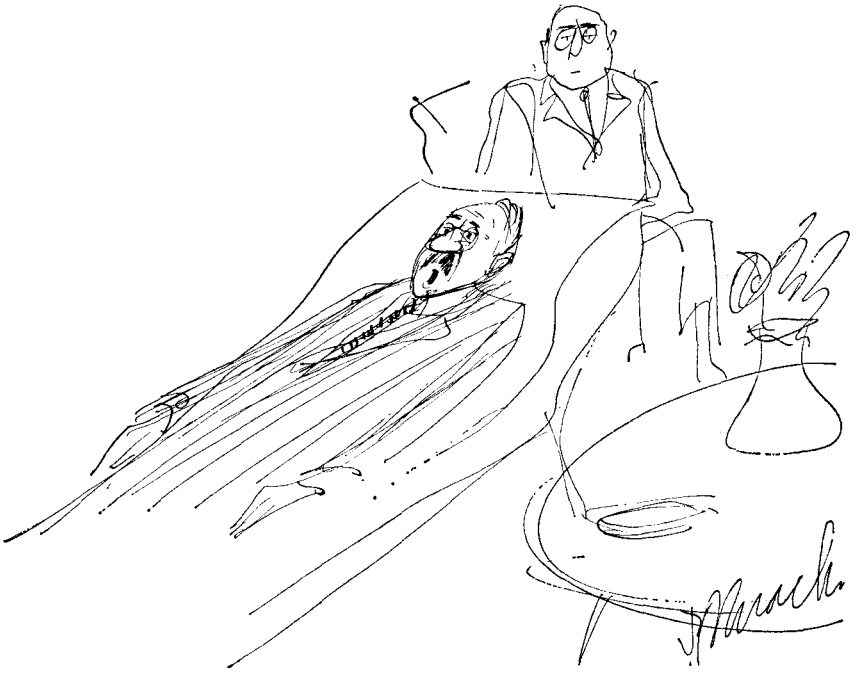
ROBERT RICHARD.
Grosse Pointe Woods, Mich.

IT IS QUITE POSSIBLE that if *SR* heeded its own strictures against writing "based on speed rather than respect for the creative process," it would appear once a year rather than once a week.

JEAN B. TRAPNELL,
Los Angeles Valley College.
Los Angeles, Calif.

N.C. HAS TOUCHED on an important matter, namely misconceived methodology in teaching writing. Of course, as he points out, educators are not solely responsible for students' faulty writing habits, but it is certainly true that the skills of writing are often neglected for sheer productivity. Especially in the higher grades, failure to integrate grammar and composition in English courses belies the educational tenet that we learn by doing. But we learn by doing only when we understand what we are doing, or when we discover why we are doing a thing wrong. That seldom comes without the freedom to struggle.

MARY L. MCCALL.
St. Petersburg, Fla.



"I *do* practice positive thinking, but then I get to wondering if that's the answer."

WHAT SIMPLE LIFE?

THE TITLE of Joseph Wood Krutch's article, "Wilderness as a Tonic" [*SR*, June 8], sums up all that is wrong with most of what has been published about man's relation to nature. Mr. Krutch criticizes "planning" and suggests faith in "the ultimate wisdom of nature." He adds that we'd better simplify our lives or the bomb will simplify them for us.

Surely there is a contradiction here. If we mean to simplify our lives, then we must do it rationally—by planning. One cannot escape *to* harmony or wisdom, nor can one immerse oneself briefly in "wildness" and scamper home a wiser man. Thoreau said that he had to have at least an hour's walk in the woods every day to remain sane. I would have to drive for three days before I came to a place where I could walk on grass for an hour without crossing a backyard or climbing a fence.

Rather than faith in nature, we need faith in man, in our ability to plan a simpler, more harmonious environment. We can't reduce our population or reorganize our cities by believing in nature.

HERBERT W. KNAPP.
Kansas City, Mo.

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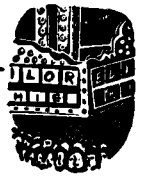

The Testament of Federico Fellini

HAVING explored his immediate environment and its moral climate with stunning brilliance in *La Dolce Vita*, Federico Fellini has now turned inward and explored in his new film, *8½*, an individual much like himself. The subject this time is an Italian motion picture director, artistic, capable, and not uncommercial. The man, if not nervously exhausted, has reached a point of needing a rest cure. Thermal baths are prescribed. He has bad dreams, of being caught in a traffic jam in a tunnel, for instance. His producer will not wait for him to take his own good time about working out his next film project, and is already building sets, while the director searches for the film he may or may not have in him.

The setting is one of those bath resorts, with a turn-of-the-century hotel in the grand style, grounds with benches for the guest-patients, cavernous steam rooms, and massage parlors. Fellini makes marvelous use of the place, with characteristic strongly defined images, faces that emerge from halos of steam, from patterns of sunshine and shade, to face the camera eye—or the eyes of Guido Anselmi, the film director. This man, who wears a floppy hat indoors and out, who sometimes forgets to shave, who wonders if he is all or only part fraud, who searches for the sources of his previous strength, is played by Marcello Mastroianni, a film actor of sensitivity, subtlety, and precision.

The film is a mingling of reality, dream, and fantasy. The reality is that the director has come to the resort to recuperate. Following him like pack rats are his producer, production manager, a cynical writing collaborator, and people hoping to play parts in his film. They set up a production office at the hotel, they build a monstrous set on the nearby beach, they take over a local theatre and show screen tests, begging the director to make up his mind and choose.

His dreams take the form of curious recollections. Overwhelmingly poignant is one of his dead mother and father greeting him gently in their village cemetery. A haunting sequence in itself is that involving Saraghina, a fat, gross prostitute, who rolls her hips on a forlorn stretch of beach for the enjoyment and edification of schoolboys.

His mistress joins Guido at the resort and attempts to revive his passion for her. His wife arrives, and with her some of his other relatives. Their seeming tolerance of his frailties plunges him into self-critical brooding, and he escapes into another fantasy, this time of a harem in which he is lord and master, and in which his wife gladly cooks and scrubs for his handmaidens.

But the film's demands must be met, the inevitable press-conference must be held, and escaping from it all by a symbolic suicide, the director is at last free to see the truth. The people he has been attempting to fit into a form are real, and the artist (he now knows he is one) must express the reality he feels and sees. Dream and reality merge in one love-filled final scene. The people of his life become his performers, the performers become his people, and he joins them. The director, the artist, has made his peace with himself, and he may proceed.

Fellini has taken a personal and most difficult subject, treated it with all the imagination he is capable of, and fashioned a film of the highest distinction. He has been unafraid to confess weaknesses and reveal his privacy. His actors quiver with feeling and provide his testament with a living, breathing quality. Again, as in *La Dolce Vita*, it is hard to pick the best, because they are all so amazingly good: Anouk Aimee as the wife, Guido Alberti as the producer, Sandro Milo as the mistress, Edra Gale as Saraghina. But there are many more. Fellini is blessed with more than a touch of genius. So is his new film.

—HOLLIS ALPERT.

POLITICAL SEDUCTRESS: In *Cleopatra* writer-director Joseph L. Mankiewicz spends four hours and three minutes developing a thesis that the fabled Egyptian queen was less a bedmate for famous Roman generals than a master politician who employed her charms discriminately as instruments of power politics. Knowing Caesar wanted a son, she rendered one unto Caesar, and he, knowing that Cleopatra wished to be the consort of the supreme ruler of the world, attempted to achieve a kingdom for her. In "friezes" that dissolve to vast Todd-AO scenes in mellow color, the ambitions and anguishes of Cleopatra are chronicled with reasonable fidelity to the original Roman sources.

There was talk that Mankiewicz would have preferred to show this epic of monstrous length as two separate films, and the two parts are, indeed, entities of a sort. Part 1 gives us Caesar and Cleopatra, with Rex Harrison eloquent, commanding, and assured. Part 2 concerns Antony and Cleopatra, with Richard Burton eloquent but less assured.

Mankiewicz, the director, seems uneasy and uncertain in the spectacle medium. Individual scenes play far too slowly, even though the language was written to be spoken by good actors. Both Burton and Harrison give it the respect it sometimes deserves. Elizabeth Taylor, on the other hand, is unequal to the demands made on her by Mankiewicz. He has asked for a many-faceted regal portrayal of a powerful woman with a mind of brilliance, a beautiful face, and a demanding body. Elizabeth Taylor has the face, but as a creature of passion she is unconvincing, as a woman of mentality a joke.

Mankiewicz, then, was hamstrung from the very beginning by an inadequate performer who, at the same time, provided the *raison d'être* for the gigantic undertaking. Obviously he continued to strive mightily to make a spectacle of intelligence and dignity, but does anyone really want to listen to Elizabeth Taylor discuss politics and military matters? His seriousness soon becomes ponderous, and as the production department heaps gilt and glitter, the eye becomes glazed.

Oddly, two or three scenes of spectacle have a weird impressiveness. One is Cleopatra's flamboyant entrance into Rome; another is the arrival of her sumptuous barge at Tarsus. Since spectacle is, practically by definition, entertainment, perhaps it is more entertaining spectacle that we should have had. But all the ornateness is not spectacle; it is background, and it obtrudes here far too often.

The movie suffers, too, when Mankiewicz develops what appears to be extraordinary tenderness in Cleopatra for Antony, after he has shown the warrior to be a sodden and essentially weak figure. The explanation, it would seem, is that Cleopatra suddenly realizes it is more important to be a woman than a politician. The transition is hardly made believable by Miss Taylor. Nevertheless, the film has its impressive moments, and it is not a disaster. Nor is it any kind of triumph.

—H.A.

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Good Company

STRATFORD, CONN.

IN THIS, its ninth season, the American Shakespeare Festival appears finally to have relaxed and to have approached its productions with considerable common sense. What could be more sensible than selecting a strong, broad-based company? Instead of hiring actors whose high reputations have been acquired in motion pictures or in colorful Broadway characterizations, the festival has sought out actors whose work in Shakespearean productions has established them as assured performers with the skill and flexibility to master a variety of Shakespearean roles. And it has added to these a number of promising young unknowns.

Moreover, to insure the best possible amalgam of talents, the festival used a Ford Foundation grant to set up last fall a Dramatic Study Group that allowed the entire company to work together in advance and solve problems for which there is never sufficient time during the usual rehearsal period.

It is also good sense to have brought back Moris Carnovsky, whose previous Shylock still constitutes the single greatest performance in this organization's wayward history. And since both Lear and Shylock are betrayed by daughters, and are provoked into madness by society's harsh treatment of them, shouldn't Lear be a splendid role for Mr. Carnovsky to essay?

So it turns out, although it is not the *King Lear* one might have anticipated. For director Allen Fletcher seems deliberately to have avoided reshaping the play to make it say one paraphraseable thing. Rather, he has let it unroll as a theatrically vivid chronicle of selfishly motivated events.

Mr. Carnovsky begins in a low key, a sick, tired old man relieving himself of the cares of a crown he has worn too long. He is so buried in his own declining state that he doesn't appear genuinely stung by Cordelia's refusal to express fulsome filial sentiment, but treats it as a minor hitch in the proceedings, an embarrassment not to be tolerated because it adds new items of business to his already heavy agenda. In the ensuing scenes Lear doesn't seem to understand the enormity of what he has done. Later, when Goneril and Regan humiliate him, he doesn't luxuriate in the rich invective that might push him to tragic separation. Rather, he pleads hopefully to keep as many of his knights as possible. And his most moving moment comes when he appeals privately to the gods with "If you do love old men . . . if you yourselves are old, make it your cause. Send down, and take my part."

Because he is concerned so entirely with his personal fall from fortune's favor, Mr. Carnovsky's Lear is of human size. Just as Shylock put his trust in the letter of the law, so this Lear cannot believe that his daughters have seen fit for any reason whatsoever to abrogate the very specific agreement he made with them when he handed over his kingdom. But Mr. Carnovsky, rather than following one strictly logical course in his portrayal, snatches at passages sometimes in pride, sometimes in anger, as the spirit moves him. And when he goes mad on the heath, he displays the helpless confusion of derangement rather than the inspired eloquence of lunacy. Because Mr. Fletcher has chosen to end the first half of the play in mid-heath, and begin the second part of the evening with a continuation of this scene he succeeds in emphasizing Lear's pitiable sickness. We are thus more concerned about Lear's return to some sort of mental peace than about the restoration of political peace to his kingdom.

Indeed, the scenes in which Mr. Carnovsky surpasses all other Lears within memory are those in which Lear enjoys the release of comedy that goes with madness. He performs these with all the earthy effectiveness of a burlesque comic, completely avoiding sobriety, didacticism, and intellectual self-consciousness. "Give the password!" he shouts. "Sweet marjoram," improvises Edgar. "Pass," orders Lear, not because it is the right word, but because he likes the sound of it.

Given this interpretation, one cannot expect Lear's final scenes to be agonizingly tragic. A ripe, peaceful harmony is all that ensues, and Mr. Carnovsky melts into it. The death of Cordelia seems an almost necessary preparation for his own, and one suspects that in his personal heaven he will sing perpetually with her "like birds i' th' cage." And one wonders if Lear in death did not get the filial love that in life he had to share with her husband.

Most of the people around Lear also seem marvelously human. Philip Bosco's Kent is amusing when he has more fun than he ought with his invective, and touching when he laments that Lear must be awakened from a

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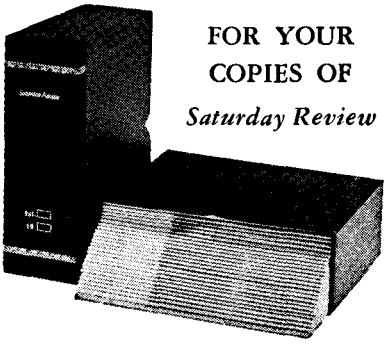

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sleep that might have cured his insanity. Lester Rawlins's deformed fool never capers or witticizes gratuitously but always seems to be putting thought and wisdom into his jokes.

As Edmund, Douglas Watson enjoys the challenges offered by a career of evildoing more than he does the promised material benefits he may derive from it. And Rosemary Murphy concentrates on Goneril's hysteria to make her a vulnerable and sympathetic character. James Ray's pensive Edgar and Carie Nye's high-society Regan are also memorable. If one is slightly disappointed in Patrick Hines's weak Gloucester, and in Anne Draper's reticent Cordelia, these qualities are at least consonant with some aspects of their roles. As lesser characters, Frank Converse, Donald Gantry, and John Devlin give off sparks of power that suggest they are ready for bigger things.

Will Steven Armstrong's movable metallic settings pick up Tharon Musser's lighting to provide foreground areas of action into which the performers can emerge from the dark surrounding areas. This is one effective way to solve the problem presented by the ASFTA theatre's too, too vasty stage.

Another solution is used in *The Comedy of Errors* where two stage houses close in the proscenium opening, and the space in between is filled with an inner frame from which commedia dell'arte performers can drop a filmy curtain or arrange themselves colorfully.

While this solution is both practical and charming, it seems to keep reminding us that the play doesn't matter. So does the device of having Douglas Watson play both Antipholi, and Rex Everhart both Dromios, for the fun of the play is that the people who should recognize the wrong twin don't. Thus, although the performances are impressive and the mood is gay, we seldom find ourselves very concerned about what seems a chain of highly artificial predicaments.

Douglas Seale's staging of *King Henry V* features James Ray as Harry. Mr. Ray, who was seen as Henry in Central Park a few summer ago, brings a boyish appearance and an always thoughtful delivery to the play. While there is a lack of explosiveness to his portrayal, he manages to give the complex proceedings a feeling of personal significance. And Mr. Seale has nicely employed his excellent supporting company to achieve a beautifully liquid presentation of the chronicle.

One may have reservations about any of the offerings here this season, but one can have nothing but admiration for the much improved quality of production and performance in all of them.

—Henry Hewes.

TV AND RADIO

Biography's Backyard

HOW many living non-celebrities do you know personally who could be the subjects of interesting thirty-minute biographies or character sketches on television? I can think of a few who have never been mentioned in the press or who are known publicly only by limited groups. None of these is stylistically dramatic, yet because of their warmth and intelligence, and their activities, they could provide worthwhile viewing. *The Story of . . .*, a non-network, syndicated film series of thirty-eight programs, has essayed such a format this season. Produced by Mel Stuart for David L. Wolper Productions of Hollywood, the programs are being shown locally throughout the country in non-Class A time periods. I saw *The Story of an Artist*, one of the early productions, and recently I viewed *The Story of a Patroness*, which had been called to my attention by the producer.

I was disappointed in both programs and wondered why. Mr. Stuart said this series is the work of Hollywood documentarians exploring a new form in which real people are shown pursuing routine activities in loosely structured situations. The artist and the patroness who appeared in the two programs that I viewed evoked no sympathetic response. The artist is a neo-Dada sculptor who constructs his odd representations of human figures out of unrelated objects that he finds in junk yards. The patroness is a wealthy lover of the arts who was observed aiding an aspiring painter and a singer in their careers. It was disconcerting to see this woman of sixty-seven dressed in leotards in her bedroom in the morning, standing on her head and doing a yoga exercise, while her husband ("a second cousin of J. P. Morgan") discussed with her the money she had raised for a worthy cause. The artist fulfilled the stereotype of the rebel-in-our-culture, and the patroness came through as an overbusy esthete in the lap of luxury. Whether either of the two subjects was truly represented I do not know. Is eccentricity a selling point of the series, or are the two examples I viewed not representative of the other thirty-six?

Let's assume that the producers thought these two individuals had affirmative appeal. Were they mistaken or did their treatment fail to project the winning qualities for which the artist and the patroness were presumably chosen? The problems of initial choice of subjects and their subsequent handling challenge all attempts at biography. When the subjects are well known, half the battle is won. The tougher job is in dealing with non-celebrities; and the law governing that task may be simply that the difficulties are in inverse ratio to the subject's degree of celebrity. The less known the subject, the more careful must be the choice and the more penetrating the treatment.

The producers seemed to lack a point of view regarding the artist and the patroness. They accepted their two subjects at their own evaluation, particularly in the case of the patroness. No human life is free from problems, yet the lady appeared all serenity and satisfaction—and not very believable. Perhaps the hazards of *The Story of . . .* are more administrative than creative. Mr. Stuart remarked that the series is produced within a comparatively low budget (syndicated series usually are). While four weeks are spent in editing each program in this series ("That's where the films are really made—in the editing room," he said), one week is given to preliminary research and another week to actual shooting.

The people who work this series are very good with film. Their cameras catch intimacy and spontaneity; their cutting moves right along; and their soundtracks, recorded wild and narrated by the subjects themselves as well as by an announcer, are put together with skill. But how can a subject be chosen wisely and sounded out in some complexity in one week without risking error in original judgment and inviting superficial treatment? Acres of diamonds may lie waiting for television in biography's backyard, but with low-budget syndication it costs too much to mine them.

The formula remains challenging. I think again of the people I know (and you know) who could qualify for such shows. Before the formula can pay off in quality, however, the front office will have to restructure the production schedule and put some interpretive spine into the portraits. Perception is everything—and time for perception will have to be made at the head of the assembly line as well as at the end.

—Robert Lewis Shayon.

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Books

LITERARY HORIZONS

Two Kinds of Tears

LAST year's most impressive first novel was Reynolds Price's *A Long and Happy Life* (*SR*, March 10, 1962). Now Price has published a collection of short stories, *The Names and Faces of Heroes* (Atheneum, $3.95), and if not all the stories reach the high level of the novel, the volume is a considerable satisfaction. In the novel Price made it clear that he was not afraid of pathos and that he ranked compassion high among the virtues. In the stories he shows that he is willing to run many risks, including the risk of being thought sentimental.

The first story, "A Chain of Love," written before *A Long and Happy Life*, introduces the heroine of that novel, Rosacoke Mustian. Here is Rosacoke, already in love with Wesley Beavers, but not so deeply involved as in the novel. She and her brother accompany their grandfather to a hospital in Raleigh, and for a week simply camp out in his room. (We have to take Price's word for the possibility of this happening.) There is some humor in the situation, and Price exploits it, but the crux of the story is the compassion Rosacoke feels for a stranger who is dying in another room. (Judging from evidence in other stories, I take it the stranger is to be identified with Price's father, who died a few years ago.) Rosacoke is not realized so fully as in the novel, but this is truly she.

The final and title story, obviously autobiographical, describes a nine-year-old boy and his father riding home from a religious service. Told by the boy, the story skilfully explores some of the problems of boyhood, but at the same time we are allowed to see the father more and more clearly. What emerges is a strong and poignant feeling for the tender relationship that exists between father and son.

Two other stories deal with childhood. "Michael Egerton" attacks a familiar theme, the grief of a boy whose parents have separated, and treats it freshly. "Troubled Sleep" goes deeper into the melancholy of childhood. Here are the boyish speculations and anxieties, the thoughts of death, the disturbing dreams.

Two stories portray aged Negroes. "The Warrior Princess Ozimba" begins: "She was the oldest thing any of us knew anything about, and she had never been near a tennis court, but somewhere around the Fourth of July every year, one of us (it was my father for a long time but for the past two years, just me) rode out to her place and took her a pair of blue tennis shoes." Although the portrayal of the old woman is excellent, the poignance of the story comes from the narrator's memories of his dead father.

"Uncle Grant" is perhaps a character study rather than a story, although where is one to draw the line? At any rate it is told in the first person, and the narrator is named Reynolds Price. It is an account of an uncommonly self-reliant, self-respecting individual, living out his long and arduous life, and it is told with affection and sincere regard. If a hard-boiled reader might find the ending close to sentimentality, this, as I have said, is a risk Price is willing to run.

All the stories are laid in the North Carolina county in which Price was born and spent his boyhood. He is not, he has said, aiming to found another Yoknapatawpha County, but he finds in his native region materials of which he can make imaginative use. There is, for example, a story, "The Anniversary," in which an old woman decorates the grave of a man whom, long ago, she lost in more senses than one. "It was to have been a small wedding," she says, "and it was a small burial."

If Price is concerned with the joys and sorrows of simple people, Thomas Williams's theme in *A High New House* (Dial, $4.95) is the anxieties and frustrations of more sophisticated ones. Several of his characters are college teachers—he is himself a teacher, as, for that matter, is Price—and a remarkably harassed group they turn out to be. In the title story, for example, Robert Stiles can take comfort only in the house that he and his wife have bought and made over, and when that is spoiled for him by the arrival across

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Focussing a Wide Angle Lens on Life

Portrait of Myself, *by Margaret Bourke-White (Simon & Schuster. 383 pp. $5.95), is a courageous woman's account of the battles she has fought: to achieve artistry with a camera, to conquer the disease that for a time blocked its further expression. William L. Rivers was recently awarded a NATO grant to write a book on American correspondents in Western Europe.*

By WILLIAM L. RIVERS

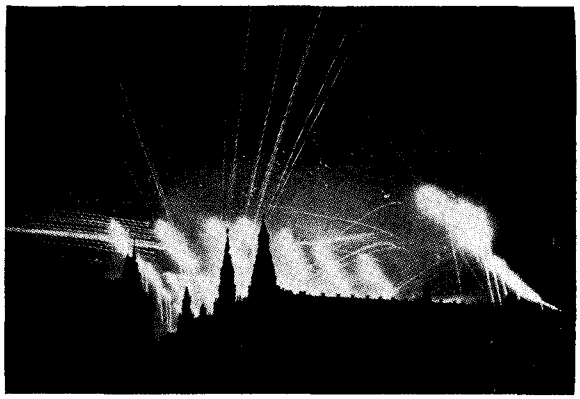
IT WAS during a clamorous session at one of the first of the famous photojournalism conferences staged annually by Wilson Hicks at the University of Miami that the essence of an art became clear to me. For in their excited dispute about the unity of the imaginative eye with the camera several of the world's greatest photographers so starkly revealed their total dedication that I suddenly understood why Hicks will refer with reverence to *The Picture.*

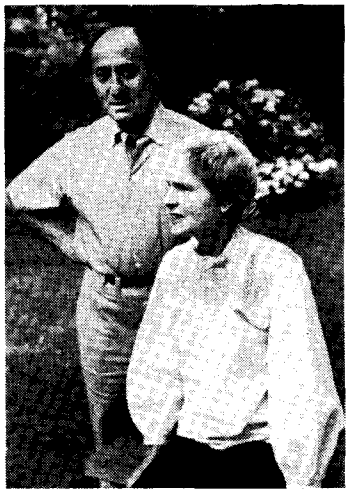
Margaret Bourke-White was there that day, but she was then struggling —as she is today—with the ravages of Parkinson's disease and took little part. Now, with *Portrait of Myself,* she makes her contribution to the continuing dialogue of the great photojournalists. She does it quietly, but once again it is possible to perceive the single-minded purpose of those whose life work is to make pictures.

As the title implies, this is a portrayal of a human being, not an ode to a camera, and it has the full flesh of autobiography: we see the wise and understanding mother who had little education but who went to college at intervals until she died; the kind but silent father who was so lost in his inventions that he would leave meals uneaten while he developed diagrams on the tablecloth; a brother and a sister who seem to have affected Margaret Bourke-White's life so little that they barely come into focus. There are quick word sketches of a childhood poised indecisively between happiness and gloom, of serious college years, and there are suitably spare descriptions of the author's two unsuccessful marriages.

But the thrust of the book is photojournalism, and the more than seventy illustrations splashed across its pages demonstrate why the men who make great pictures refer to the photographer respectfully as "Bourke-White," their equal. The dramatic industrial scenes that brought Margaret Bourke-White her earliest fame are here. Here, too, are the pictures she as a reluctantly admitted American took in the USSR of the Thirties; her feature for the first issue of *Life,* for which she supplied the cover and lead photographic essay; the unforgettable scenes her camera caught in Buchenwald, India, embattled Korea, and the mines of South Africa; the spectacular aerial views of artillery barrage.

Bourke-White ruefully describes her first bombing raid during the Second World War. The B-17 in which she was flying was over the target, dropping bombs and taking flak, when the interphones that were kept clear for only the most urgent directives were suddenly filled with her cries that the weaving flight of evasive action was





Upper Left: **Night bombing of Moscow, July 1941—parachute flares dropped by Germans over the Kremlin light up the central section of the city.** *Lower Left:* **Margaret Bourke-White and Erskine Caldwell, her second husband and collaborator on** *You Have Seen Their Faces,* **during their Hawaii honeymoon.** *Below:* **coal rig on the shore of Lake Superior; Bourke-White with her friend and colleague Alfred Eisenstaedt, who photographed her rehabilitation exercises as she fought Parkinson's disease.**

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flashing sharp camera angles: "Oh, that's just what I want; that's a beautiful angle! Roll me over quick. Hold me just like this. Hold me this way so I can shoot straight down."

Nonetheless, to my eyes the best pictures are from *You Have Seen Their Faces,* the book with which Bourke-White and her second husband, Erskine Caldwell, evoked the South of Tobacco Road. One portrait in that book, a close-up of the wife of a tenant farmer, is so eloquent that it obviates the caption: "I've done the best I knew how all my life, but it didn't amount to much in the end."

Throughout, the dedication of the artist is implicit. Determined early in her career to express the unique qualities that she saw in industry, Bourke-White spent months futilely shooting scenes inside a steel mill:

> I was living entirely for the steel mills. The jobs I was able to keep going during the daytime just about paid for the films I shot up at night. And those same films, after exposure in the mills and processing in my kitchen sink, filled up my wastebasket—a gluey mass of sick, limping, unprintable negatives.

Ultimately her lens recorded the pulse of the mills—but other tests of her own steel were to follow.

Bourke-White's success as a *Fortune* photographer attracted lucrative advertising assignments, yet, she says now, their "real gift . . . to me was practice in precision." And at the moment when financial rewards were the greatest Margaret Bourke-White turned her back on Madison Avenue, refusing a job that would have brought her $1,000 a picture.

> During the rapturous period when I was discovering the beauty of industrial shapes, people were only incidental to me, and in retrospect I believe I had not much feeling for them in my earlier work. But suddenly it was the people who counted. . . . If I believed in piloting one's own life, then I should go ahead and pilot mine. Since photography was a craft I respected, let me treat it with respect. I made a resolution that from then on, for the rest of my life, I would undertake only those photographic assignments which I felt could be done in a creative and constructive way.

It should not be surprising that a personality so resolute met Parkinson's disease, with its paralyzing effects, head-on and publicly. Nor is it surprising that when Margaret Bourke-White sets down her experiences the result is perceptive, inspiring, and endlessly interesting to the reader.

History Was Her Wedding Present

My Darling Clementine: The Story of Lady Churchill, *by Jack Fishman (McKay. 384 pp. $5.95), portrays the wife of Britain's great Prime Minister as a devoted, self-effacing spouse. Lewis Broad's biographies include a two-volume life of Sir Winston Churchill.*

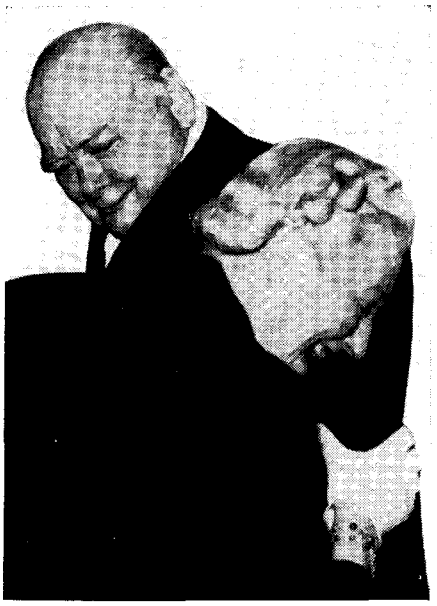
By LEWIS BROAD

DESPITE its title, this book is but partially devoted to its ostensible subject. In its pages, as in life, the husband steals the show; and the book might better have been called "Winston and His Darling Clementine."

In the great tradition of the women of Downing Street, Lady Churchill has been the perfect helpmeet. A predecessor of hers once suffered without murmur the excruciating pain of a finger crushed in a carriage door, lest she disturb her husband who was about to deliver a speech in the House of Commons. We feel that Lady Churchill would have met this standard; but it would scarcely have been demanded of her, for Sir Winston, having expressed sympathy, would undoubtedly have made his speech unaffected by the accident, sustained by a concentration that even Hitler's legions failed to break.

Married at the age of twenty-three to the masterful and dominating WSC, then an up and coming politician, Lady Churchill has shown every sign of contentment with her lot as wife to the genius at whose side she shared in the arduous making of history. Nevertheless, one wonders whether a woman of her accomplishments, character, and personality could have found fulfilment through acting as the strength and stay of the man assigned to her in marriage. As I have looked on the poised, composed figure of Lady Churchill I have sometimes speculated about the woman behind the image. Has her husband, busy with the world's affairs, utterly absorbed her? Have there been no stirrings of her soul, no yearnings hidden and unsolaced?

It was with this in mind that I approached the book by Jack Fishman. With remarkable industry he set himself some years ago to gather all the information he could about his subject, furnished in part by those privileged



Lady and Sir Winston Churchill—"no yearnings hidden?"

to know her, in part by newspaper reports. The resulting 600,000-word file has been reduced to 200,000 words, lively and vivid.

Yet, for all its copiousness, Mr. Fishman's report fails to satisfy my curiosity. It conforms to the accepted public figure; it brings me no nearer to an understanding of the woman.

The author can be extremely tantalizing in what he chooses to tell and what he omits. For example, of the occasion during the first year of war when the Chamberlains dined at Admiralty House as guests of the Churchills (Neville Chamberlain being then Prime Minister and Churchill First Lord of the Admiralty), we read only that it was "quite an event because it was really the only friendly social conversation they had ever shared in . . . twenty years." How I wish Mr. Fishman had told us more of this party at which Churchill played host to the man who had deliberately excluded him from office during the appeasement years. What thoughts, I wonder, were concealed by those two wives beneath the light flow of jesting conversation? Did never a single barbed word escape them? I wish Mr. Fishman had been able to add a touch that would have brought to life this and other occasions that were "quite an event."

If there is not a chapter that is ex-

(*Continued on page* 36)

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As They Face the Future, They Recall the Past

That the Negro, whose roots in this country parallel those of the Founding Fathers, should be denied participation in the American Dream is, to understate it, ironic. Three recent books telescope their odyssey: ***"Black Cargoes: A History of the Atlantic Slave Trade,"*** *by Daniel P. Mannix with Malcolm Cowley (Viking, $6.95);* ***"The New World of Negro Americans,"*** *by Harold R. Isaacs (John Day, $7.50), and* ***"Soon, One Morning: New Writing by American Negroes, 1940-1962,"*** *by Herbert Hill (Knopf, $6.95).*

1. Sound of Their Masters' Voices

By SAUNDERS REDDING, *author of "The Lonesome Road" and "On Being Negro in America."*

WHILE W. E. B. DuBois's *The Suppression of the African Slave Trade* (1896) remains the definitive work on the general subject of slavery, there have been many excellent books subsequent to his. Most of these have been "studies"—a discouraging designation—treating particular aspects of the story with too much particularity and too little dramatic impact to arouse the interest of the popular reader. In short, they have been academic essays for scholars, who traditionally avoid or suppress even such excitement as may be innate in a theme.

Daniel Mannix and Malcolm Cowley are not academicians, but they know their subject; and if *Black Cargoes: A History of the Atlantic Slave Trade* breaks the tradition of academic dullness, it does no harm to the integrity of scholarship. The authors have permitted —rather, they have obliged—the dramatic excitement in the story of Negro slavery to stand. They have done something more: they have humanized a story that too many scholars have treated, except for the obtrusive horrors of the Middle Passage, as if it were merely a demographic index. The authors achieved these results by the simple device of allowing some of the people who were most directly involved with slavery to speak for themselves in anecdotes and explanations.

All the notable and notorious figures are here, from Queen Elizabeth and Bishop de Las Casas to the unprincipled African kings who sold their people to the slavers, and the dissolute Dutchman Vanbukeline, who corrupted mothers so that he might the more easily debauch their daughters.

It all began in seeming innocence, when the Portuguese took slaves "as a recompense from God" and in "the name of Christ." It developed with amazing force and such cynicism that John Hartop, who was a member of Captain John Hawkins's third expedition, could report matter of factly that "seven thousand Negroes [were driven] into the sea at low tide, at the point of land, where they were all drowned in the ooze except five hundred which we took and carried thence for traffique to the West Indies." It eventually declined, and finally ended with the execution of Captain Nathaniel Gordon in 1862. Gordon was the first and last American slave runner to die for his crimes, which were the crimes of thousands, perpetrated for 350 years.

But the consequences of the slave trade to America were not all bad. The authors, unlike the traditionalists, are not afraid to make judgments of value, either moral or historical. They remind us that the "nameless Dutch vessel which arrived a year before the *Mayflower* . . . carried the spirituals, jazz, the researches of such Negro scientists as George Washington Carver, the contributions to American culture of younger Negro musicians, statesmen, scholars, and writers; and also she carried, for this age of international struggles, the first link between the United States and Africa."

Black Cargoes is certainly not the final word on the subject of slavery; but it is a thorough book, and, for the reasons I've stated, it may very well prove to be the most popular.

2. Panelists Dissent on the Ascent

By JAMES M. NABRIT, JR., *president of Howard University.*

THE PERCEPTIVENESS that marked *Scratches on Our Minds: American Images of China and India*, which established Harold R. Isaac's reputation as interviewer, analyst, and writer, also appears in his *The New World of Negro Americans*, which is an even better book for it displays the author's understanding, insight, and sympathy regarding the colored man in our society.

Mr. Isaacs states that he is essentially concerned with the impact of world affairs on Negro Americans. More specifically, however, he focuses on the effect that the emergence of new African states has had upon racial segregation in the U.S. By 1957, he notes, it "had become common to hear about the effect of race problems upon American standing in the world, but much less common to give heed to . . . the way in which changes in the world are forcing changes in American society." He points out that during the following three years he asked questions of many people relating to this reverse effect, and that, in particular, he directed these questions to a panel of 107 Negroes.

Conceding that those interviewed do not constitute a cross section of the Negro population, Mr. Isaacs says that they were chosen mainly because of their role as important communicators in society and because of their special experience in relation to Africa. They include writers, scholars, educators, businessmen, churchmen, editors, and persons holding key positions in significant organizations. Unfortunately, his sources were confined to the Negro middle and upper classes.

On the subject of Africa, the panel split into three categories, which Mr. Isaacs identifies as rejecters, inquirers, and affirmers. Most of the members, he found, reacted to their initial discovery of Africa "by trying in one way or another to undiscover it." They were indifferent to or unaware of Africa; in fact, many of them simply rejected any connection whatsoever with the continent. Mr. Isaacs regards

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this as quite natural, since it has been usual for minorities fighting for acceptance and assimilation not to acknowledge any relationship or origin that causes them to be despised.

The second group, the inquirers, also rejected Africa, but not nearly so violently. Theirs were "attitudes of tentativeness, sometimes of skepticism, or outright disbelief"; they were "waiting to see." While the even smaller third group, the affirmers, rejected in their youth certain images of Africa, they nonetheless "reached out and grasped Africa for their own." These were persons who early in life were led to an essentially affirmative view of Africa, with which they felt American Negroes had a particular attachment.

William E. B. DuBois, an affirmer, is repeatedly cited by Mr. Isaacs, who reports that no name was mentioned more often in his interviews with the panel. DuBois wrote in 1900: "The problem of the twentieth century is the problem of the color line—the relation of the darker to the lighter races of men in Asia and Africa, in America, and in the islands of the sea."

The dominant white Atlantic world, Mr. Isaacs observes, no longer calls the tune to which the rest of the world dances. And, while the white supremacy system may not have suffered as complete a downfall as he suggests, it has been sufficiently shattered for nonwhites in Asia and Africa to have made clear their intention to participate in determining the destiny of the world. There is no doubt that this development has considerably accelerated integration in this country—notwithstanding the separatist ambitions of the Black Muslims, on whom Mr. Isaacs dwells too briefly.

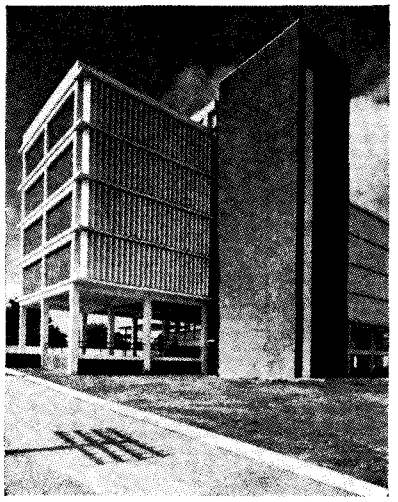
Readers will probably agree with him that "in this new world, Negroes, accustomed always to feeling the big winds blowing against them, now began to feel the new sensation of having the wind at their backs." They will take issue with him, however, regarding the strength of this wind at the present time and the possibilities of cross currents or reversal of direction.

Those who know Mr. Isaacs's earlier writings will be familiar with his views on African attitudes about American Negroes. With justification, many disagree with him when he suggests that a large number of African leaders look upon American Negroes as being essentially weak or as tools of white men or as people who could not achieve equality without the help of outside events, especially the rise of the new leadership in Africa. Numerous Negroes who have visited and worked in Africa assert that this is not the case. They report that Africans identify themselves closely with American Negroes and that there is a unity of spirit between them.

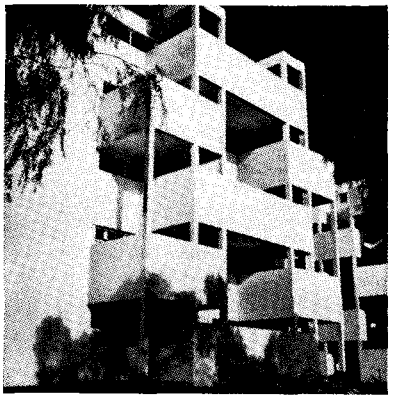
New to socio-historical writing about the Negro is the stress Mr. Isaacs lays on literature—creative literature—as a means of interpreting a people and giving them strength. Hence his keen, appreciative analyses of DuBois, James Weldon Johnson, Langston Hughes, Countee Cullen, Ralph Ellison, Lorraine Hansberry, and James Baldwin.

I do, though, take exception to the title of the author's concluding chapter, "Toward Somebodiness." Negroes are now somebody. They have long been somebody. Their history did not start with 1954. Their brave men did not emerge with Martin Luther King.

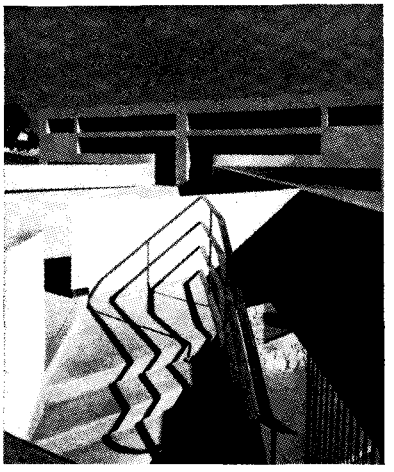
Emergent Design: While up until a few years ago the newer buildings in Africa were mostly bland copies of those in Europe, *New Architecture in Africa, by* Udo Kultermann (Universe, $12.50), reveals that emerging national consciousness has brought with it some of the most exciting modern developments in design.



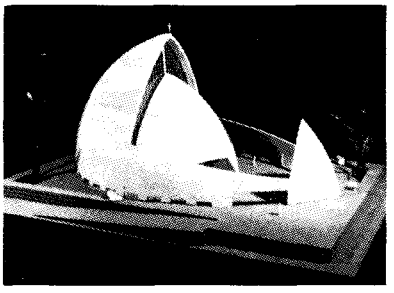
Police headquarters, Accra, Ghana



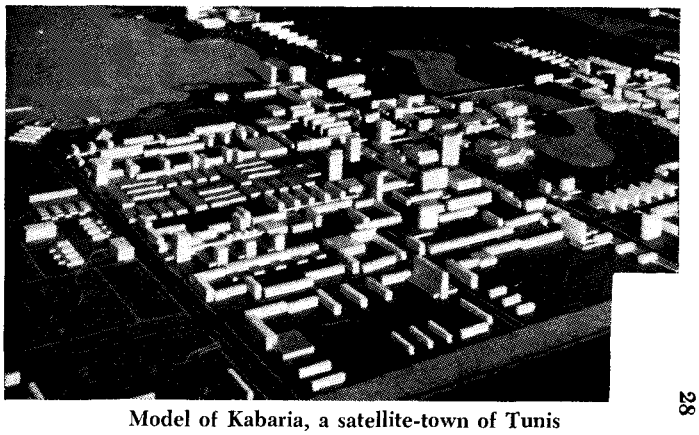
Flats for Arabs in Oran



School in Agadir, Morocco



Model of church for Volta District



Model of Kabaria, a satellite-town of Tunis

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3. Denial of the Big Dream?

By CHARLES SHAPIRO, *author of "Theodore Dreiser: Our Bitter Patriot," published last fall.*

IN A smug, pompous, hardening society it is usually the outsider who can best observe and understand the hypocrisies and tragedies that accompany complacency for, while he wants in, he can also take the measure of those who deny him. At the same time, if he is honest and intense, he becomes disturbed at what the denial of the big dream has done to his own potentialities. If he has talent his anger can be transformed into art, and in the very act of creation he is giving the lie to a world that refuses to see him as an individual. A case in point is Herbert Hill's superbly edited *Soon, One Morning: New Writing by American Negroes, 1940-1962.*

One of the joys of this fat volume is that it includes a good deal of previously unpublished material; and, for once, this does not mean a famous writer's laundry list or the debut of a nontalent.

The famous names are present, of course. James Baldwin, fresh from a brooding appearance as *Time* magazine's cover boy, the subject of a patronizing bit in *Life*, and an interview for *Mademoiselle*, is represented by portions of his first novel and by *Letters from a Journey*, wherein he reflects on what he sees abroad and how it affects him as an American Negro. As always, Baldwin's vision is agonizing in its search for the sources of his pain.

Ralph Ellison's contribution is from part of the original version of *Invisible Man*, in my opinion the best American novel of the Fifties. The selection marked, he says, "an attempt to get the hero of that memoir out of the hospital into the world of Harlem." The piece has all the nightmarish comedy and screaming intensity of the novel; a disturbing and almost unbearable tale, it stands very well by itself as a short story.

Langston Hughes is well represented in each of the three sections into which the book is divided: essays, fiction, and poetry. His story, "Rock, Church," is a sardonic take-off on an opportunistic preacher on the holy make, a Negro Elmer Gantry who out-tricks himself.

> Now, as I've said before, Elder Jones was a good preacher—and a good-looking preacher, too. He could cry real loud and moan real deep, and he could move the sisters as no other black preacher on this side of town had ever moved them before. Besides, in his youth, as a sinner, he had done a little light hustling around Memphis and Vicksburg—so he knew just how to appeal to the feminine nature.

The fiction section contains the best work in the anthology. Among its features: a deceptively placid novelette by Ann Petry, an extremely funny tale by Ted Poston, a damning picture by Dorothy West of Bostonian Negroes trying to avoid their identities, and a beautiful excerpt from William Demby's *Beetlecreek.*

In contrast, Willard Motley's "The Almost White Boy" is almost a parody of the proletarian fiction of past decades.

> The colored fellows he palled with called him "the white nigger," and his white pals would sometimes look at him kind of funny but they never said anything. . . . All the guys were swell if you liked them; all the girls flirted and necked and went on crying jags now and then. People were just people.

This throaty nonsense isn't life and it certainly isn't art. It merely proves, along with a sorry item by Chester Himes, that a man can write poorly regardless of race, creed, or color. However, to his credit, Mr. Hill has spared us Frank Yerby, the suburban Negro's answer to Herman Wouk.

Like the fiction, the six essays cover a lot of territory and a lot of viewpoints. Horace R. Cayton's "A Picnic with Sinclair Lewis" explores the loneliness of the creator of *Babbitt*; and in Lewis's ambivalent attitude towards his colored guest (as well as in the guest's own limitations) we see some of the built-in problems that will make the much publicized Negro-white dialogue a difficult and bitter series of confrontations. In "The American Negro Scholar" John Hope Franklin spells out his thesis in acute, personal terms:

> . . . The major choice for the Negro scholar is whether he should turn his back on the world, concede that he is the Invisible Man, and lick the wounds that come from cruel isolation, or whether he should use his training, talents, and resources to beat down the barriers that keep him out of the main stream of American life and scholarship. . . . I now assert that the proper choice for the American Negro scholar is to use his knowledge and ingenuity, his resources and talents, to combat the forces that isolate him and his people and, like the true patriot that he is, to contribute to the solution of the problems that all Americans face in common.

There are three main tendencies in Negro writing, Herbert Hill observes in his instructive introduction: ". . . a strong folk tradition; racial protest, first during the antislavery struggle and again in modern times; and now the most recent development, which might be described as the emergence of an esthetic tradition." Certainly this fine collection proves how healthy the esthetic tradition has become.

Legacy: ". . . the immortality Mrs. Roosevelt would have valued most would be found in the deeds and visions her life inspired in others," Adlai Stevenson said after her death last fall. *The Eleanor Roosevelt We Remember*, by Helen Gahagan Douglas (Hill & Wang, $5.95), memorializes that many-sided life in photographs and tributes. Below she is shown reading to children of the Wiltwyck School, whom she invited on an outing every year; and at right, with her first great-grandchild, Nicholas Delano Seagraves.

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The Nine Speak Out for the Ten

The Great Rights, *edited by Edmond Cahn (Macmillan. 242 pp. $5.95) and* ***One Man's Stand for Freedom: Mr. Justice Black and the Bill of Rights,*** *edited by Irving Dilliard (Knopf. 504 pp. $6.95), comprise an eloquent defense by four Supreme Court Justices of the first ten Amendments to our Constitution. Charles A. Madison, editor and social historian, is the author of "Leaders and Liberals in Twentieth-Century America."*

By CHARLES A. MADISON

THESE two volumes neatly complement each other in asserting the validity and inviolability of the freedoms guaranteed by the Bill of Rights. In *The Great Rights* Justices Black, Brennan, Warren, and Douglas eloquently expound and defend it; in *One Man's Stand for Freedom* Justice Black's selected opinions and dissents reveal him as its most determined protector in the history of the Supreme Court.

Professor Edmond Cahn points out that in the English Bill of Rights of 1689 the exhortative "ought not" was used in reference to excessive bail; the same phrase was employed in 1776 by the writer of the Virginia Declaration of Rights. Jefferson and Madison were fully aware of the feebleness of such exhortation, and John Marshall rightly indicated that it was "merely recommendatory." When, therefore, Madison came to draft the Bill of Rights in 1789—the restrictions upon a government that was the servant of a sovereign people—he deliberately used "shall not," the language of command.

In *The Great Rights* the four Justices discuss different aspects of the Bill of Rights, but all agree that these basic freedoms – in Madison's words, "the great rights of mankind"—are not only inviolable but the chief glory of our democracy. They contend, moreover, that instead of weakening these safeguards, as is the present tendency among certain members of the judiciary and the Congress, they should be strengthened for the good of the nation and mankind. Justice Brennan would apply them more humanely, particularly in criminal cases in the states. Chief Justice Warren would preserve our freedoms even in times of war, hot or cold. Insisting on civilian solutions to problems not strictly military in nature, he concludes: "Today, as always, the people, no less than the courts, must remain vigilant to preserve the principles of the Bill of Rights, lest in our desire to be secure we lose our ability to be free." Justice Douglas, with characteristic breadth of view, would not only bolster the Bill of Rights but extend it to our diplomatic and economic activities the world over. "We need," he maintains, "a renaissance of liberty at home . . . Once speech, belief, and conscience are placed beyond the reach of government, a nation acquires a spiritual strength that will make it a shining light to all who have never known the blessings of liberty, even to those behind the Iron and Bamboo Curtains."

More than the foregoing jurists even, Justice Black is passionately devoted to the protection of these freedoms. In the seventy-five opinions and dissents—the second outnumber the first—which Irving Dilliard has very ably edited and introduced in the present volume, Black stands with the firmness of a granite boulder against the slightest "balancing" of the basic freedoms against the national interest. In one of his first opinions on the freedom of expression (*Bridges v. California*) he writes in ringing and rigorous terms: "The First Amendment does not speak equivocally. It prohibits any law 'abridging the freedom of speech or of the press.'" He has been equally vigilant in the protection of the other Amendments, and particularly so in the defense of Negroes who have been denied the rights afforded them by the Constitution. In case after case he maintained that under the Fourteenth Amendment the first ten apply to all citizens, regardless of color, and the states are prohibited from making or enforcing any law that abridges the rights of any citizens.

His opinions on religion are characteristic. In the *Everson* case he approved a New Jersey law that provided buses for children going to Catholic schools. "The First Amendment," he explained, "has erected a wall between Church and State. That wall must be kept high and impregnable. We could not approve the slightest breach. New Jersey has not breached it here." In the *McCollum* case, however, he found that Illinois had breached the wall by providing tax-supported schools for "the dissemination of religious doctrines." Nor did he approve of "released time" outside school in the *Zorach* case. His most controversial ruling in this area was in *Engel v. Vitale*, when he found that state-sponsored prayer violated the freedom of religion.

The extreme anti-Communism of the postwar period has forced the Supreme Court to deal with numerous cases involving alleged violation of the Bill of Rights. The Vinson Court in particular tended to "balance" basic freedoms with national security. Justice Black dissented again and again, with an eloquence and sincerity that could not but trouble the conscience of freedom-loving Americans. In the *Dennis* case he argued that the First Amendment guarantees "provide the best insurance against destruction of all freedoms." In his *Barenblatt* dissent he stated, "Ultimately all the questions in this case really boil down to one—whether we as a people will try fearfully and futilely to preserve democracy by adopting totalitarian methods, or whether in accordance with our traditions and our Constitution we will have the confidence and courage to be free." In the *Wilkinson* case, to cite one more dissent, he declared: "I believe that true Americanism is to be protected, not by committees that persecute unorthodox minorities, but by strict adherence to basic principles of freedom that are responsible for this nation's greatness. Those principles are embodied for all who care to see in our Bill of Rights."

Mr. Dilliard's editing of Justice Black's writings on the Bill of Rights is not only a work of judicious selection and intelligent comment but an admirable monument to a very great American. Professor Cahn's lucid and scholarly introduction to *The Great Rights* is supplemented by an illuminating essay by Irving Brant on "The Madison Heritage."

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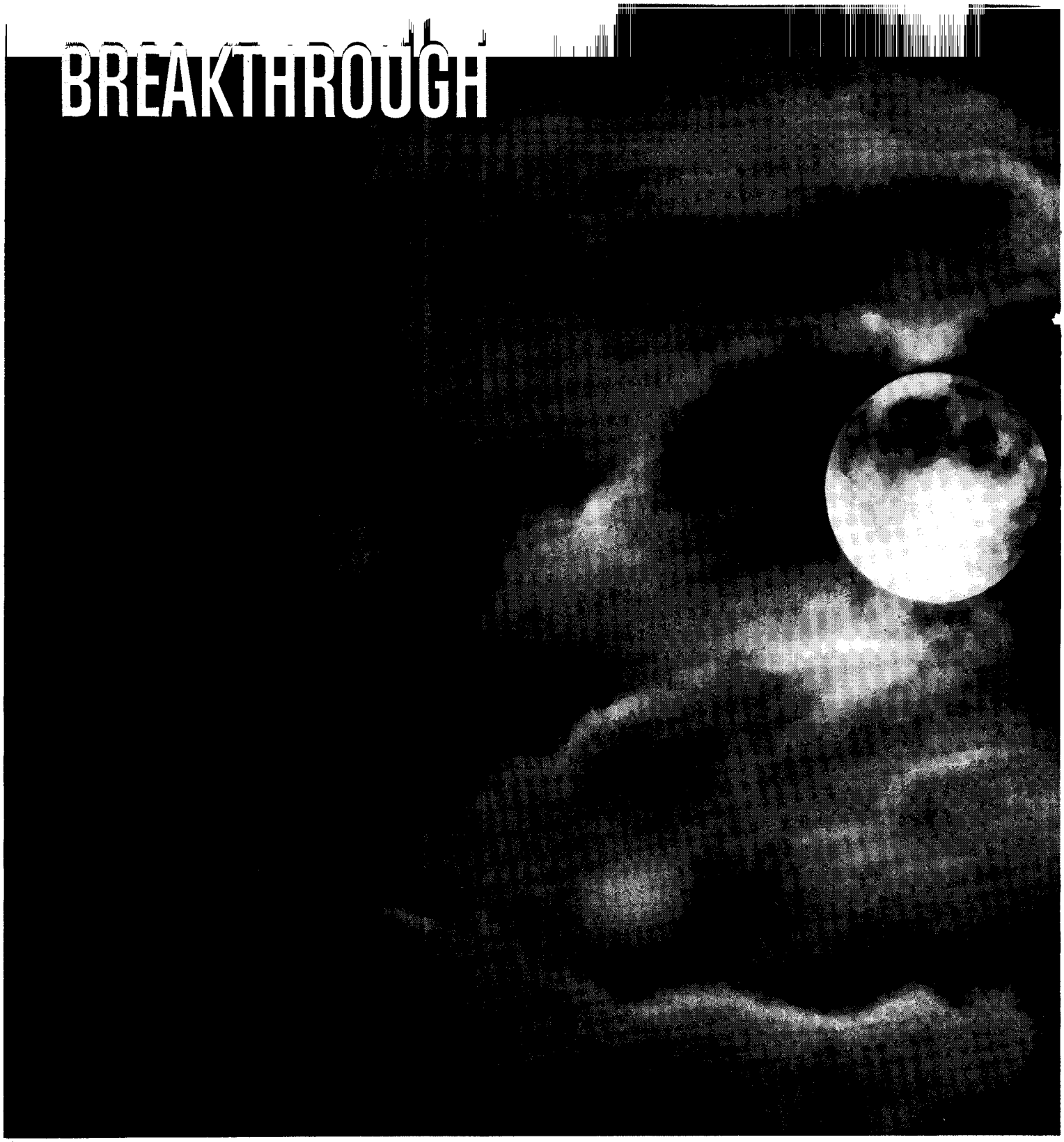
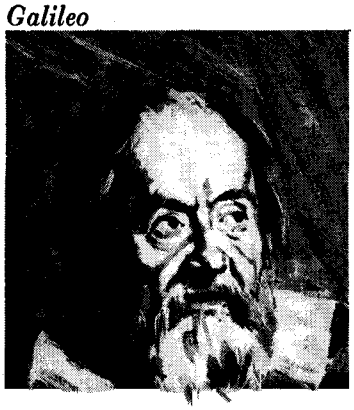
BREAKTHROUGH



Galileo



In night skies he sighted the dawn of a space age.

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Before Galileo's observations early in the 17th century, no man had seen the mountains of the moon. Unknown were phenomena like the phases of Venus which were to supply *visible* evidence that the planets revolve around the sun.

Then Galileo—astronomer, physicist, mathematician—using lenses set in a lead tube, opened heaven's wonders to view. Through his telescope came knowledge leading to new knowledge... knowledge that will help man travel to the moon.

That is the way of breakthroughs. They launch new ages of scientific progress. To insure tomorrow's advances, we must encourage today's men of vision. That is why Shell undertakes a program of support for education which provides scholarships for deserving students, research grants for universities, and unique Shell Merit Fellowships for science teachers seeking better training techniques.

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Life Eventually Can Be Beautiful

Under a Colored Cap: Articles Merry and Mournful with Comments and a Song, *by Sean O'Casey (St. Martin's. 277 pp. $4.95), contains attacks on the author's favorite targets, as well as an elegiac reminiscence of his dead son. Sean Callery has contributed to British and Irish periodicals as well as to Commonweal, the Washington Post, and the Cincinnati Inquirer.*

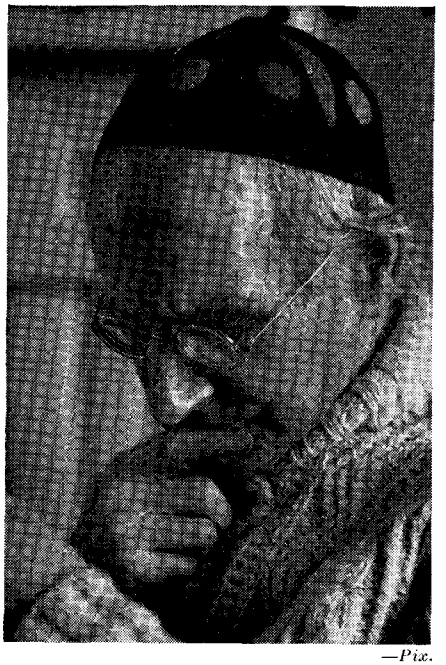
By SEAN CALLERY

THE STYLE, subject matter, and point of view of this newest collection of recent essays, culled largely from British and American reviews, are in the latter-day O'Casey tradition. Here are agonizing autobiography, repeated attacks upon various facets of the Establishment (the Christian Church is allotted its customary portion of scorn), and the fervent assertion that some day, somehow, life will be beautiful and humanity purified of the crippling dogmas that have all but destroyed it.

Yet, in the midst of page upon page of vitriolic commentary and seemingly gratuitous attack, Mr. O'Casey has given us a magnificent autobiographical fragment. The story of the death of his son, Niall, is on a level with the finest and most moving portions of his work.

Niall O'Casey contracted leukemia while a university student. The period of his illness is described in harrowing detail, as his mother, father, sister, and brother visit him in hospital, witness his temporary rallies and inevitable relapses and, finally, his death. This death is bitterly acknowledged, without the commonplace fabrication of stoic resignation and acceptance. Neither the sensibilities of his readers nor his own spirit are spared as Mr. O'Casey struggles to recall and recreate each nuance of painful emotion, the flow and ebb of hope, the gradual realization of the immutable aspects of death.

"I cry a caoine for my Niall, for though I may bear it like a man, I must also feel it like a man and cannot feel ashamed that my sigh will be in the winds where'er his dear ashes blow," mourns the author, reminding his readers that in the lyric expression of tragedy Sean O'Casey is unexcelled in his generation.



—*Pix.*

Sean O'Casey—in the lyric expression of tragedy, unexcelled.

The commercial theatre, other writers, and politicians are the familiar targets in the remaining essays in the collection. Critic Kenneth Tynan is taken severely to task for having called the author's *Purple Dust* a "tenuous, one-joke jape" in the course of a generally unfavorable review. As is frequent in O'Casey disputes, the heart of the contention lies in a conflict of beliefs regarding the role and outlook of a given social class.

In my experience, O'Casey enthusiasts are divided roughly into two categories—those who love nearly everything he writes, and the admirers of the early plays who deplore the bulk of his subsequent output. Belonging to the latter group, I approach each new work in the hope that the author will have returned to his earlier, more fertile literary pastures. The characteristic reckless experiments in language are rarely fully successful or effective, and the endless carping and in some cases bigoted criticism of society and persons inevitably produce a total impression of a puritannical, pious lecturer, urging a new religion upon a sinful world.

Mr. O'Casey has in the past depicted some of the most moving, credible, and noble characters in the modern theatre. One longs for more people such as these, who come to us like life itself, and are not contrived to give us a lesson on the evils of capitalism or religion or whatever. These essays, one feels, have been written with a like motivation, and the author's constant editorializing detracts mightily from his prodigious gifts—which are, nevertheless, here as elsewhere conspicuously in evidence.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

LADIES ALL

At a guess, there are more Ladies in the titles of novels than there are Gentlemen; anyway, Helene Nitzsche of Maquoketa, Iowa, has selected a cluster of the former and asks you to assign the right authors to the right titles. Answers on page 45.

1. Henry James	( ) "Good Morning, Young Lady"
2. Romain Gary	( ) "The Portrait of a Lady"
3. Willa Cather	( ) "The General's Lady"
4. Philip Gibbs	( ) "The Beautiful Lady"
5. Gerda Robison	( ) "The Southern Lady"
6. Esther Forbes	( ) "The Reckless Lady"
7. Lonnie Coleman	( ) "The Divided Lady"
8. Conrad Richter	( ) "The Dark Lady"
9. Robert Hichens	( ) "Beloved Lady"
10. Bruce Marshall	( ) "Strange Lady"
11. Georgette Heyer	( ) "A Lost Lady"
12. Cothburn O'Neal	( ) "April Lady"
13. Ardyth Kennelly	( ) "Dark Lady"
14. Booth Tarkington	( ) "The Lady"
15. Barbara Jefferis	( ) "Lady L"

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Back on the Roost After Proust

Sainte-Beuve: Selected Essays, *translated and edited by Francis Steegmuller and Norbert Guterman (Doubleday. 320 pp. $4.95), indicates that the nineteenth-century critic who subordinated judgment to enlightenment deserves more respect than his detractors admit. Laurent LeSage, professor of French literature at Pennsylvania State University, wrote "Marcel Proust and His Literary Friends."*

By LAURENT LESAGE

ALTHOUGH Sainte-Beuve is still studied as the father of modern literary criticism in the French *lycées* and American colleges, the avant-garde in both countries has repudiated his method as futile and trivial, if not pernicious to the appreciation of a work of art. Is he not supposed to have sacrificed the work to a portrait of the artist and to have composed his studies with scraps of gossipy anecdotes?

We know how strongly contemporary American schools have reacted, stripping a work of all context before submitting it to their scholastic scalpels. The French too, having tired of psychoanalytical and metaphysical games, now concentrate upon style and structure. The recent critical temper in France can be gauged by the remark of a prominent young reviewer who declared that the life of a writer is of no more interest than that of his *concierge*. It would be useless to retort that a *concierge*'s life might be very interesting provided he were at the same time an artist, and that anyway Sainte-Beuve never intended biography to be more than a means of approaching the work of art.

If Sainte-Beuve, in his attempt to multiply the critical approaches to literature, must expiate the sins of generations of thesis writers, historians, human-interest traffickers, and the line of amateur clinicians who, like Sartre on Baudelaire, treat artists as pathological cases, he must suffer further for having misjudged some of his contemporaries. It does not occur to his detractors that the most significant aspect of Sainte-Beuve's method is the shift it effected from judgment to enlightenment as the primary critical function, and that no great critic since has presumed to have the formula for detecting a masterpiece.

When it was discovered a few years ago that Proust had left an unpublished article attacking Sainte-Beuve for not separating the man from the artist, Sainte-Beuve's reputation hit bottom. Perhaps the excellent selection of his essays translated here may be a first step towards bringing it up again to respectability and honor. The book richly demonstrates that Sainte-Beuve has been done great wrong.

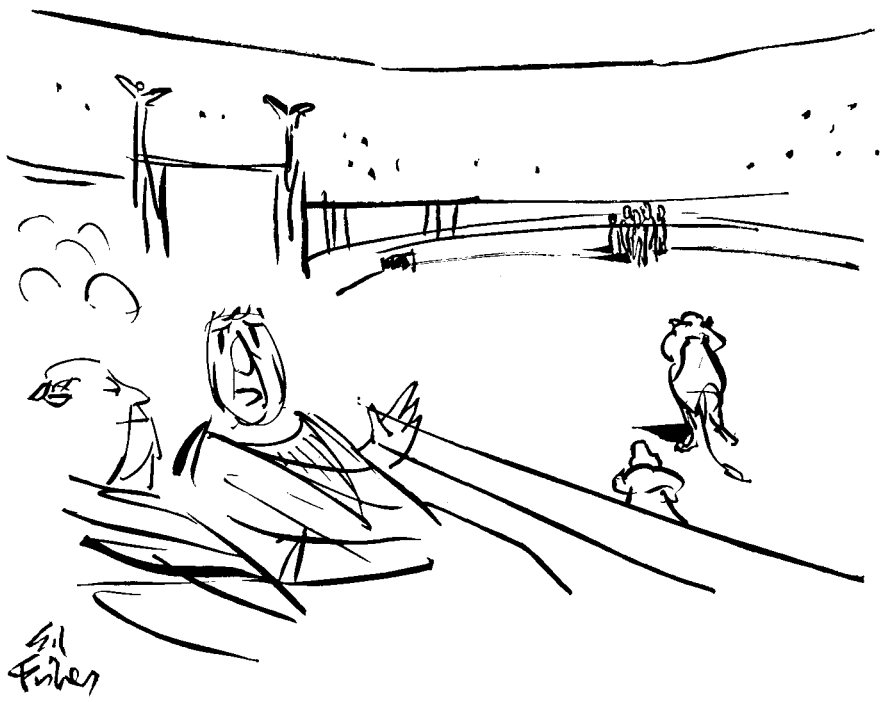
From the first selection, which ruminates on the problem of what is a classic, we succumb to the charm of the *Causeries du lundi,* those "informal talks" which Parisians could find in their newspapers almost every Monday between 1849 and 1869. To us the speaker seems a wonderful old bookworm, with a fund of broad literary knowledge and common sense expressed in the quaint diction of a bygone day. We warm to his enthusiasm, and on the grounds of the period we forgive his occasional stodginess or fussy concern over taste.

In subsequent essays dealing with the old masters of French literature we watch him with keen attention as he formulates his opinions and concepts, some to become the great commonplaces of literary history, some to be forgotten, and rediscovered only recently. Whether the subject be Montaigne's style, Racine's lyricism, Corneille's austerity, or Molière's humanity, Sainte-Beuve's *causerie* stimulates no less than it charms.

As for his method, it is as eclectic as is suitable to his purpose. Explication and exposé figure as prominently as biography and history—a variety of methods all aimed at situating the work and making it meaningful to the contemporary reader.

There is never too much background: Mme. de Sévigné's letters with their gleeful descriptions of hangings surely profit from some historical discussion; it may help us make Proust's distinction between man and writer if we are reminded that Voltaire was a skinflint and Rousseau an ingrate. As for being blind to some contemporaries, this affliction, of particularly little consequence in Sainte-Beuve, is pretty much the common lot of critics. It could even be jolly to think that Sainte-Beuve's faint praise for Stendhal and Baudelaire might counteract somewhat the exaggerated prestige they enjoy today.

But, to sum up, if the role of the critic is not so much to judge the work as to guide the reader, help him to understand, and point out what he might otherwise have missed, then the venerable Sainte-Beuve still deserves the place of honor where once he sat.



"But can't you see—all we're doing is making martyrs out of them."

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FICTION

Sing and Let the Phone Ring

Ehrengard, by Isak Dinesen (Random House. 111 pp. $3.95), displays the characteristic Gothicism of a writer who remained all her life an unreconstructed Romantic. Charles Alva Hoyt teaches English at Bennett College, Millbrook, N. Y.

By CHARLES ALVA HOYT

> For myself, I do not believe a word of it. You know quite well that things do not happen so in reality.
> —*An Enemy of the People,* Act III, by Henrik Ibsen.

THE SPEAKER is that pompously matter-of-fact girl Petra, one of the first of a great line in modern literature, a line that reached early prominence with the heroines of Bernard Shaw and is perhaps the most repellent body of women ever assembled. Their descendants continue in unabated vigor to this very day, in both the best and the worst books that we write, nearly all of which tend to reproduce our world in only one of its aspects: the matter-of-fact. We have been deafened by telephones.

Petra was a Norwegian. It is only justice, then, that in our time Scandinavia has recompensed us for her with Isak Dinesen. Her posthumous novel *Ehrengard* is another of her splendid Gothic tales that combine great ingenuity of plot with old-fashioned precision and purity of style:

> But the blossoms of the hawthorn lie along the branches like light layers of white and rosy snow. Such infinite variance cannot possibly be necessitated by the economy of Nature, it will needs be the manifestation of a universal spirit – inventive, buoyant and frolicsome to excess, incapable of holding back its playful torrents of bliss. Indeed, indeed: *Domine, non sum dignus.*

Isak Dinesen was not the first to expound the playful universe; that honor belongs to the first Romantic, generations before Homer. The great question is whether she is to be the last. It hardly seems possible; and yet we are living in the age that has finally succeeded where the Victorians failed, in making the fairy tale respectable. No more bones are to be ground to make somebody's bread, and the ugly stepmother, instead of being rolled down the hill in a barrel lined with nails, is forgiven (and presumably put under observation).

—*Culver*

Isak Dinesen—"a philosophy of life."

If we rise from the matter-of-fact, we are not necessarily obligated to ascend immediately into the purely supernatural. Between these two planes there is an intermediate one where the ordinary and the marvelous are inextricably threaded together; and it is upon this level that we live most of our lives. The ringing telephone often persuades us that the ordinary is all that counts, but our artists should be better advised. Some of the greatest works of the recent past depict the playful universe in both its pleasant and unpleasant aspects: *Don Juan, Crime and Punishment, Heart of Darkness, Ulysses.*

When we speak of Isak Dinesen, then, let us not, as her publishers do, make excuses for her as a spinner of cobwebs, no matter how many times we add the word "genius." She was a great Romantic, in the tradition of Blake and Keats; and those who find her simply "charming" are most likely those who remember Blake as the author of "Little lamb, who made thee?" and Keats as the one who said a thing of beauty was a joy forever. *Ehrengard,* like all of Isak Dinesen's works, is a superbly written tale embodying a philosophy of life; the theory of the artist that it presents, for example, is as brilliant as it is unobtrusive. But its principal song is a very old one, far beyond the reach of originality:

> Yet the order of the Universe is sublime, graceful and inexorable. Inside it nothing is without a consequence, but your first move on the board may in the end pronounce you mate.

How Dark Was His Valley: It is there in the soft, speedy voice of Richard Burton, in the pages and paragraphs of such wildly different writers as Alun Lewis, Gwyn Thomas, and the haunting David Jones, and naked and full flood in the tumbling lyricism of Dylan Thomas. It is also the first and most obvious quality in a current novel by another Thomas: the Merlin music of Wales, magically sweet yet sad with resignation, sometimes mystic, sometimes merely misty. It is perhaps what one of the characters in *Ask at the Unicorn* (New Directions, hardbound $3.75, paperback $1.90) means when he talks about "all this inner drunkenness" that is the weakness and perhaps also the strength of Wales.

First-novelist Norman Thomas reels with this word-drunkenness in some of the early pages, particularly in such incidental descriptive passages as the following:

> A grey bigpregnant cat like a fur bowler hat stared from a pile of blankets on a brass bedstead, and a fluffed-up-in-itself speaking-to-itself bird in a fire-corner cage suddenly went wheewheetoowhee frightening itself so that it huddled low and closed its lids.

But after a few trial flights to test his Welsh wings Mr. Thomas settles down to his story, which brings Morgan Johns back to Wales from California in search of Grando, an old man who was a friend of his father's. Grando's wisdom is both a memory of his childhood and the treasure he hopes to find at the end of the journey. In the village of Dyfnaint ("the dark valley") he finds instead a new old world in such contrast with the city-centered life and world involvement he has left that most of his "realities" are left trembling and doubtful. He learns that wisdom is not to be found in any one man, however old, but in himself and in the continuity of life around him.

Thomas's firework display of language and his gallery of "character" characters cannot hide a certain thinness in the book's frame; and Mr. Thomas in fact promises more than he delivers. He is, however, a brilliant stylist and a good storyteller, and one is glad to hear that his second novel, just completed, has an American setting. One does not ask for sobriety, but if he can escape just a little from his Welshness, he may be a very fine novelist. —ERIC MOON.

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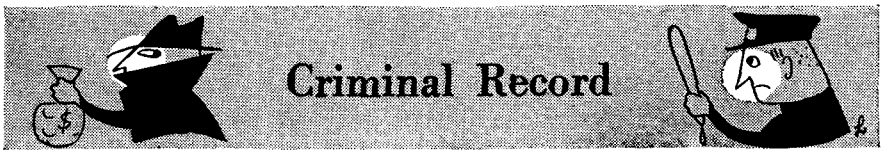
Candide in the Third Reich: Shortly after the fall of the Third Reich, if memory serves—and it does—it was impossible to find a German citizen who had been a member of the Nazi Party, who had heard of a concentration camp, or who had been anything but a helpless prisoner of that madman with the toothbrush mustache. But that was nearly twenty years ago. Today, regardless of what the citizenry is up to, the German novelists—such men as Hans Hellmut Kirst, Günter Grass, Stefan Olivier—are speaking out loudly, clearly, and talentedly about the way things were and warning a new generation that they must never be that way again. Olivier's *Rise Up in Anger*, translated by Sigrid Rock and Michael Roloff (Putnam, $5.95), is such a novel, and it is a powerful one.

Oberleutnant Herbert Boysen "was not a Jew and not a Communist, not an offspring of the Royal House of Hapsburg or the Royal House of Wittelsbach, not a Christian Scientist and not a homosexual. He was, in other words, simply a German . . ." What he was in the summer of 1942 was a soldier back from the front on his way to a new assignment in Athens. He was also a Candide in his innocence about the political expediencies of the Third Reich. His written protest against the treatment of a trainload of Jews he passed on the way to Athens and his complaint about a brothel run *sub rosa* in Athens by fellow officers leads to his being railroaded into a concentration camp as a political enemy of the Reich. It is here, in a world where survival is all, that Candide evolves into an avenging angel. The Herbert Boysen who emerges from the war is a far cry from the innocent who went into it. A tough opportunist on the rise in Western Germany, he plots his revenge against those who framed him.

American readers will find no shocks or new information in the concentration camp scenes, vividly written as they are. These are horrors long familiar to the Allied nations. It is reassuring, however, to know that there are Germans who remember them, too. But there is much thoughtful material to work with in Boysen's interchangeable experiences as Nazi prisoner and Russian prisoner and in incidents on the German home front, where citizen operated against citizen. Especially memorable are the closing scenes in an economically burgeoning West Germany, where a new empire is being built amidst private guilts that cannot be swept away as easily as the rubble of World War II. It was a long time coming, but *Rise Up in Anger* is a big, fascinating novel, emotionally and cerebrally rich. —Haskel Frankel.



SMITH AND JONES. *By Nicholas Monsarrat. Sloane.* $3.50. This is a security officer's revealing personal account of the activities of a pair of fictional defectors who resemble similar recent real-life individuals. Vividly, sharply, effectively presented.

LION IN WAIT. *By Dorothy Gardiner. Crime Club.* $3.50. Senescent king of beasts in roving circus is blamed for Colorado killing, but pleasant Sheriff Moss Magill uncovers a two-legged culprit. Nice to have you back, ma'am and sir!

BYE, BABY BUNTING. *By Day Keene. Holt, Rinehart & Winston.* $3.95. Australian novelist, wedded to Yank analyst she loathes, is charged with Catskill killing; her agent (who is soft on the dame) plays peeper. Slightly preposterous, but a wowser just the same.

THE PROWLER. *By Frances Rickett. Simon & Schuster.* $3.50. Doctor's and wife's knife deaths tizzy Hoosier community; sub-teen-age youngster prominent. Ends with legitimate surprise twist.

NIGHTINGALE AT NOON. *By Margaret Summerton. Dutton.* $3.50. Malta, South of France, England, Wales figure in tale that has to do with murders old and new. One for a long day's journey into the night.

SUCH IS DEATH. *By Leo Bruce. London House & Maxwell.* $3.50. Motiveless murders A and B draw schoolmaster Carolus Deene to English seaside resort, where he exercises his penchant for detection. If you like a sound Q&A job, this one is your dish.

A DRAGON FOR CHRISTMAS. *By Gavin Black. Harper & Row.* $3.95. Britisher on Red China mission finds the going tough; attempt to work way out leads to smash dénouement. Has fine air of authenticity, good humor.

CRAIG'S SPUR. *By E. S. Madden. Vanguard.* $3.95. Australian wife, deserting hubby, cracks up fatally; two sons also in car; search involves pangs and perils. A real tingler.

EVERYBODY ADORED CARA. *By Ann Head. Crime Club.* $3.50. Strangulation of architect's second spouse jolts U.S. suburban community; Tom Ridley, plausible peeper, wraps it up. Literate and lively.

THE TROUBLE MAKERS. *By Celia Fremlin. Lippincott.* $3.50. Housewives in English suburb of look-alike houses in flap when bloodstains pop up; watch out for the folks next door is the motto here. Nicely handled.

THE MAN WHO NEVER LAUGHED. *By Arnold Hare. Norton.* $3.95. English youth, picked as personal aide to mystery tycoon who maintains headquarters in Austrian castle, suspects sinister goings-on, and, by gum, he's right. Good suspense, bang-bang finish.

DIE A LITTLE EVERY DAY. *By Lawrence Fisher. Random House.* $3.50. Hit-run catastrophe leads to further disasters in U.S. city; nice detective Dave Pitt (who is the real hero of yarn) ponders his resignation. Grown-up and well-managed.

DOUBLE EXPOSURE. *By Donald MacKenzie. Houghton Mifflin.* $3.75. Canadian-born professional burglar is offered freedom by secret British facility if he will take on tricky spy role in Germany. Intelligent cloak-and-dagger number, with a neatly manageable cast.

JOURNEY INTO VIOLENCE. *By Douglas Orgill. Morrow.* $3.95. London newshawk accepts hush-hush mission to Italian lake country; gal goes along; skin-diving pays off; foot-wide butterflies important. Entertaining cliff-hanger (several cliffs).

A CALL FROM AUSTRIA. *By Martha Albrand. Random House.* $3.95. Roving U.S. correspondent gets phone appeal in New York from brother to hurry to Vienna, then line goes dead; overseas flight follows, with noisy payoff; love again finds a way. Has the professional touch.

MURDER'S LITTLE HELPER. *By George Bagby. Crime Club.* $3.50. Woman's jumped-fell-pushed demise in New York's East River poses problem for Inspector Schmidt and newly-created detective Danny Kirk (he does OK). Holds up agreeably.

—Sergeant Cuff.

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Distaff Chronicles

Continued from page 25

clusively Lady Churchill's, the devotion has not been exclusively hers. The infinite variety of Churchill's roles includes that of Darby to his wife's Joan, and it has yielded him contentment in abundance. According to reports he has been a difficult and taxing husband, but then, so is every husband—as every husband is frequently reminded. Only rarely are the wives of geniuses rewarded with the devotion Sir Winston has rendered to his Clementine.

Proper Revelations: Everything has conspired to provide Phyllis Bottome with the raw stuff for a good autobiography. Not only did she find herself near the quick of important events—shell-shocked Paris in 1917; postwar Vienna teeming with beggars and dilapidated aristocrats; Munich in 1933, when a nondescript Hitler was brooding in a café on the eve of the Nazi revolution; pacifist England nestling its head in sand provided by Neville Chamberlain but she had the luck to make friends with several men and women of genius. In addition, she had a gift for prose.

Her novel *The Mortal Storm*, which laid bare the Nazi menace, was deservedly a best-seller in 1938. Finally, Miss Bottome basked for forty years in the devotion of one man, and loved back; and, as Evelyn Waugh has it, "To love another human being is the beginning of all wisdom." Her memoirs should have been a lulu. Instead, *The Goal* (Vanguard, $6) is Lenten stuff, tedious, vague, close-lipped about nasty, deep, or odd feelings. It is, in truth, a cream puff fit to be served at the literary ladies' clubs in front of which Miss Bottome occasionally lectured.

People, places, and, most crucial, the core of Miss Bottome herself, are all rendered with scrupulous anemia. Miss Bottome's husband, educator A. E. Forbes Dennis, flits through the book like an enervated ghost. Oddly, he comes alive only when nagging from a World War I hospital bed—"Why didn't you come sooner?"—and later in other places when he harps the same tune. Dorothy Thompson, whom Miss Bottome claims as an intimate, appears as a platonic do-gooder; while of tortured, destructive Sinclair Lewis she writes merely: "I never knew Sinclair as anything but the kindest and gentlest of men." Less famous people who took up space in Miss Bottome's life are merely names.

Only Dr. Alfred Adler, the psychoanalyst, gets any flesh and bone. What shocks one about Miss Bottome's memory of Adler, however, is her failure—consistent throughout *The Goal*—to bring herself to life. Having had the guts to undergo treatment from Adler when in her forties, she leaves the experience hanging fire. It is not that I drool for that kind of slushy, embarrassing confession found in, say, Joyce MacIver's *The Frog Pond*; but to have been analyzed by a master and leave the episode a blank in an autobiography (as Miss Bottome also leaves blank what it feels like to write fiction, or grow old, or be in love, or know a friend) is sad indeed.

Moreover, the good places where Miss Bottome lived—London, Marseilles, Paris, Vienna, an Alpine chalet, Munich—could just as well have been Peoria or Timbuktu for all the indigenous smell, look, or sound she renders.

Autobiography that does the job gives a part of the immemorial truth about one person. Miss Bottome presents herself as one among a multitude of Englishwomen, thinking the proper thoughts, feeling the proper sentiments, hiding the improper ugliness and the raw, glorious truth. Once, when the famous physician Axel Munthe asked her to criticize his autobiographical manuscript, she urged him to delete his claims of having seen trolls. If Miss Bottome had only entered the underground cave where her own trolls guarded the secrets of herself, we might have had the privilege of reading a book that breathed.

—Paul Carroll.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1038

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1039 will be found in the next issue.

QFVFNNKAH KN APF VTQ-

NABQA NVTLCWF TS APF

ETMFC VEBNNFN, FQQLK TS

APF PKWPFC TQFN.

NVPTYFQPBLFC

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1037

Education should be gentle and stern, not cold and lax.

—Joubert.

Literary Horizons

Continued from page 23

the road of a squalid family in a trailer, he is near to desperation. Everything seems to go wrong. "Haven't you," he asks a friend, "ever had a few experiences all at once that seemed to add up to the whole world? One day you're fairly well organized, and the next you might as well be on the moon."

But if certain sorts of experience can shatter the psyche, others have a healing effect. In the first story the desperate young teacher is suddenly moved by compassion for the filthy brat in the trailer. In "Goose Pond" a man stricken by the death of his wife goes hunting with a bow and arrow, and has a moment of elation. "If he were twenty again he would be happy. To have shot a deer with a bow—he'd be a hero, a woodsman, famous in Leah. How it would have impressed Mary!" Suddenly he is stricken with anguish again, but he has the strength to go on.

There are many varieties of frustration. There is the frustration of the teacher who cannot communicate with his students: "Last Monday in my freshman sections I put on the board four names: Dachau, Belsen, Buchenwald, Auschwitz. In one section two students guessed they were concentration camps or something like that. In the other, nobody knew. Nobody." There is the frustration of a man who, thinking back on an affair he had had in Paris, realizes that he has made a bad marriage. There is the frustration of a man whom age is robbing of his physical prowess.

Like many of his contemporaries, Williams writes complicated stories, in which there may be action on several levels. In the story of the aging man, for example, we also have the man's daughter, who is having marital trouble, and her son, who is suffering in the throes of puppy love, to say nothing of a ski instructor who is in love with the daughter. Sometimes the author bogs down in the complexities, but most of the time he has his material under control. If I can judge from the one novel of his I have read, *Town Burning*, he is an interesting novelist, and certainly he is a skilful and perceptive writer of short stories.

Still and all, I am more moved by Price's simplicity. What he is trying to do seems easier than what Williams is attempting, but I am not sure that it really is, and in any case he does it superbly. I do not know where one finds greater depth and purity of feeling than in the best of his stories.

—Granville Hicks.

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SR's Check List of Current Books

Archeology

THE LAST OF THE INCAS. By Edward Hyams and George Ordish. Simon & Schuster. $6.

THE LOST WORLD OF QUINTANA ROO: Alone on Foot in the Jungles of Yucatan. By Michel Peissel. Dutton. $5.95.

THE PREHISTORY OF EAST AFRICA. By Sonia Cole. Macmillian. $7.95.

UNDER THE MEDITERRANEAN: Marine Antiquities. By Honor Frost. Prentice-Hall. $6.95.

Art, Architecture

THE FACE OF THE METROPOLIS. By Martin Meyerson and others. Random House. $7.50.

LUCIEN PISSARRO. By William S. Meadmore. Knopf. $6.95.

TREASURES OF VENICE. Text by Michelangelo Muraro and André Grabar. A Skira Art Book. World. $29.50.

VAN GOGH: The Man and His Work. By Pierre Cabanne. Translated by Mary I. Martin. Prentice-Hall. $6.95.

Current Affairs

THE ABOLITION OF WAR. By Walter Millis and James Real. Macmillan. Hardbound, $4.50. Paperback, $1.95.

CULTURAL RELATIONS AND U.S. FOREIGN POLICY. By Charles A. Thomson and Walter H. C. Laves. Indiana Univ. Press. $5.95.

OVERTURE TO SPACE. By Martin Caidin. Duell, Sloan & Pearce. $5.50.

Essays

FIRST PERSON SINGULAR: Essays for the Sixties. Edited by Herbert Gold. Dial Press. $5.

THE HISTORIAN AND CHARACTER, AND OTHER ESSAYS. By David Knowles. Edited by C. N. L. Brooks and G. Constable. Cambridge Univ. Press. $8.50.

Fiction

ADVOCATE OF THE ISLE. By Loys Masson. Knopf. $4.

THE CONFESSOR. By Jackson Donahue. World. $4.95.

THE DEATH OF ACHILLES. By Victor Price. Doubleday. $4.50.

THE FAR SIDE OF HOME. By Maggie Davis. Macmillan. $4.95.

MEMOIRS OF A WOMAN OF PLEASURE. By John Cleland. Putnam. $6.

THE NAMES AND FACES OF HEROES. By Reynolds Price. Atheneum. $3.95. (See page 23.)

NASHOBA. By Edd Winfield Parks. Twayne. $3.95.

THE SHADOW IN THE GLASS. By August Derleth. Duell, Sloan & Pearce. $6.95.

A WAKE IN YBOR CITY. By José Yglesias. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $4.95.

THE WEIGHER OF SOULS AND THE EARTH DWELLERS. By André Maurois. Translated by Hamish Miles. Macmillan. $3.95.

History

AMERICAN PHILANTHROPY ABROAD: A History. By Merle Curti. Rutgers Univ. Press. $12.50.

BOLSHEVIKS IN THE UKRAINE: The Second Campaign, 1918-1919. By Arthur E. Adams. Yale Univ. Press. $8.75.

THE HISTORY OF ITALY (1549). By William Thomas. Edited by George B. Parks. Cornell Univ. Press. $4.25.

THE KREMLIN: Nerve-Centre of Russian History. By Victor Alexandrov. Translated by Roy Monkcom. St. Martin's. $5.95.

ORIGIN OF THE WEST GERMAN REPUBLIC. By Peter Merkl. Oxford Univ. Press. $5.50.

POLITICS, PRINCIPLE, AND PREJUDICE: Dilemma of Reconstruction America. By LaWanda Cox and John H. Cox. Free Press. $6.

SERGEI WITTE AND THE INDUSTRIALIZATION OF RUSSIA. By Theodore H. von Laue. Columbia Univ. Press. $7.50.

STUDIES IN FRONTIER HISTORY: Collected Papers, 1929-1958. By Owen Lattimore. Oxford Univ. Press. $12.

WHAT HAPPENED TO CUBA? A Documentary History. By Robert F. Smith. Twayne. $6.

Literary and Dramatic Criticism

THE AMERICAN VISION: Actual and Ideal Society in Nineteenth-Century Fiction. By A. N. Kaul. Yale Univ. Press. $7.

ARSHILE GORKY: The Man, the Time, the Idea. By Harold Rosenberg. Grove. $2.95.

CHEKHOV, STENDHAL AND OTHER ESSAYS. By Ilya Ehrenburg. Knopf. $5.95.

F. SCOTT FITZGERALD AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES. By William Goldhurst. World. $4.50.

THE HIDDEN GOD: Studies in Hemingway, Faulkner, Yeats, Eliot, and Warren. By Cleanth Brooks. Yale Univ. Press. $4.75.

KENNETH BURKE AND THE DRAMA OF HUMAN RELATIONS. By William H. Rueckert. Univ. of Minnesota Press. $6.

THE LIFE AND IDEAS OF THE MARQUIS DE SADE. By Geoffrey Gorer. Norton. $5.

STRINDBERG AND THE HISTORICAL DRAMA. By Walter Johnson. Univ. of Washington Press. $6.50.

THE THEATER IN SPITE OF ITSELF. By Walter Kerr. Simon & Schuster. $5.

Music

JOHANNES BRAHMS. By Hans Gal. Knopf. $5.95.

WAGNER'S "RING" AND ITS SYMBOLS. By Robert Donington. St. Martin's. $10.

Mysteries

THE EDGE OF TERROR. By Jeremy York. Macmillan. $3.50.

Personal History

A MAN MUST CHOOSE. By Eric Chou. Knopf. $5.

MINISTER OF RELIEF: Harry Hopkins and the Depression. By Searle F. Charles. Syracuse Univ. Press. $6.

PORTRAIT OF MYSELF. By Margaret Bourke-White. Simon & Schuster. $5.95. (See page 24.)

TWO TUDOR PORTRAITS: Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, and Lady Katherine Grey. By Hester W. Chapman. Atlantic-Little, Brown. $4.75.

Poetry

AMERICAN NEGRO POETRY. Edited by Arna Bontemps. Hill & Wang. $4.95.

NAKED AS THE GLASS. By Jean Burden. Clarke & Way. Hardbound, $3.75. Paperback, $1.65.

Political Science

MODERN POLITICAL SYSTEMS: Europe. Edited by Roy C. Macridis and Robert E. Ward. Prentice-Hall. $8.95.

THE NATURE AND LIMITS OF POLITICAL SCIENCE. By Maurice Cowling. Cambridge Univ. Press. $4.75.

THE NERVES OF GOVERNMENT: Models of Political Communication and Control. By Karl W. Deutsch. Free Press. $6.50.

SOCIAL SCIENCE AND POLITICAL THEORY. By W. G. Runciman. Cambridge Univ. Press. $3.95.

Religion, Philosophy

ANTHOLOGY OF ISLAMIC LITERATURE: From the Rise of Islam to Modern Times. Edited by James Kritzeck. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $8.50.

ATHEISM IN OUR TIME. By Ignace Lepp. Translated by Bernard Murchland, C.S.C. Macmillan. $5.

INTERPRETATION AND COMMUNITY. By John Wilkinson. St. Martin's. $6.75.

THE NEW CREATION AS METROPOLIS. By Gibson Winter. Macmillan. $3.95.

PLATONISM IN THE MIDWEST. By Paul R. Anderson. Columbia Univ. Press. $5.

THE RELIGIONS OF THE OPPRESSED. By Vittorio Lanternari. Knopf. $6.95.

SAINT ANSELM AND HIS BIOGRAPHER: A Study of Monastic Life and Thought. By R. W. Southern. Cambridge Univ. Press. $9.50.

WORLD RELIGIONS AND WORLD COMMUNITY. By Robert H. L. Slater. Columbia Univ. Press. $6.

Sociology

THE AMERICAN WORKER IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY: A History Through Autobiographies. By Eli Ginzberg and Hyman Berman. Free Press. $7.50

A PSYCHIATRIST'S VIEWS ON SOCIAL ISSUES. By Sol W. Ginsburg. Columbia Univ. Press. $5.

—Compiled by RUTH BROWN.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Khovanshchina at Covent Garden—Solti's *Figaro*

LONDON.

AS the only principal conductor of an opera house in the English-speaking world who is also its musical director, Georg Solti draws a double measure of attention with his activities at Covent Garden. By chance, the current week has shown him engaged in major campaigns, so to speak, on two fronts, with the perhaps unexpected result of greater success as strategist (in charge of planning for others) than as tactician (carrying plans out himself).

It is, of course, a prerequisite of a successful planner to surround himself with a capable staff, and with Constantin Silvestri as conductor of a new production of Moussorgsky's *Khovanshchina* (in the Shostakovitch version), Vlado Habunek as producer, and Bozidar Rasica as designer, the sights and sounds of this endeavor are in very capable hands indeed. Though Silvestri has a reputation for flamboyance in the concert hall, his first venture here in opera (he is now conductor of the Bournemouth Symphony Orchestra) qualifies him for praise as that efficient kind of maestro who achieves quality results without directing undue attention to himself.

Of the two gentlemen from Zagreb, Rasica merits honors for a series of stage pictures that were generally simple and always picturesque, and costumes that were tasteful even when they were elaborate. When he set a full stage, with drops and props, as in the scene of Khovansky's apartment (Scene 2 of Act II in this version), he achieved some striking combinations of blues and greens enhanced by skilful use of lighting. As this is the scene of the famous "Dance of the Persian Maidens," it made for a colorful highlight amid the prevailing gloom—especially since it is climaxed by Khovansky's brutal murder at the hands of his political rival Shaklovity.

As this is also the scene dominated by the player of Khovansky, it left no doubt at all that his tall, resonant-voiced impersonator was David Ward, the bright hope of young English male talent, who will make his Metropolitan Opera debut next winter (this was a dress rehearsal, for which no printed programs were available). Ward's substantial voice is even broader and bigger than it has sounded on records, and he has not merely a physique to match, but also a command of movement and gesture to carry off such a scene as this (a morose leader trying to forget his troubles with wine, women, and some song) with dramatic, rather than merely theatrical impact. He also enunciated the English text with a ringing clarity that could be heard with ease at the back of the theatre.

For the rest—and that includes Habunek's direction—the problems of the performers are much the same as the problems of the score for a non-Russian audience. Beautiful music it has in abundance, but also a good deal of declamation to make up for the lack of a consecutive story line. With *Boris* (for all the talk of the chorus as "protagonist") the attention is magnetized by Moussorgsky's graphic exposition of his conscience-stricken principal. The chorus of *Khovanshchina* has no less prominence, and perhaps even more than in *Boris*, but there is no such sustaining interest, especially as Khovansky is killed off with an act to go. Charles Craig used his fine light tenor voice to excellent advantage as Prince Golitsin, and Kenneth Macdonald made a brilliant little portrait of the Scrivener (a typical Moussorgsky tenor part), but Forbes Robinson as Shaklovity and Joseph Rouleau as Dossifé, likewise Monica Sinclair as Marfa and Elizabeth Vaughan as Emma, were hard pressed to provide the extremes of range which the Russians take for granted in basses and mezzos. Habunek's direction did not do so much for them as it did for Ward (if this is the proper emphasis) but his crowds were impressively disciplined.

Those who are acquainted with Shostakovitch's revision of *Boris* will have a fair idea of what he has done with *Khovanshchina*: much strengthening of the low brass, doubling of upper woodwinds, and filling out of inner voices (no stage band, however). Aside from the restoration of one episode of choral music for the guards in the first scene (deleted by Rimsky-Korsakov), the sequence is much the same as that utilized in the Metropolitan production of Edward Johnson's last season (1949-50). Certainly its high moments, such as the prophecy of Marfa, the scene of the Persian dancing girls, and the stirring self-sacrifice of the Old Believers, are self-evident reasons for investing the time and trouble (not to mention the money) that such a venture demands. Certainly there is much to show for it: more, indeed, than an off-and-on visitor to Covent Garden for a dozen years has seen previously in its opera.

Georg Solti's aptitudes as a conductor of Wagner (*Tannhäuser* and *Tristan*) and Verdi (*Otello*) are well known to audiences of the Metropolitan, but it is just as well they have been spared, so far, his lacks as a conductor of Mozart. That, to judge from the production of *Le Nozze di Figaro* that he is currently directing at Covent Garden, runs the non-sophisticate's gamut from too fast (most of Act I) to too slow (parts of Acts II and III). This points the unmistakable conclusion that Solti is responding to tempo markings rather than a surely developed feeling for the score, and falling short of a true sounding, as one must, in such circumstances.

Partisans of Covent Garden like to think of this sort of performance as "ensemble opera," which is to say that great names, other than Tito Gobbi's as Almaviva, were lacking. The fact is, however, that in bringing together Geraint Evans as Figaro, Mirella Freni as Susanna, Teresa Berganza as Cherubino, and Ilva Ligabue as the Countess, in partnership with Gobbi, Solti has taken on a multiplicity of styles impossible to reconcile as "ensemble" in any sense. Gobbi now lacks vocal suavity as Evans is still deficient in volatility, while the ladies are much too busy working out their destinies vis-à-vis Mozart's notes to penetrate very deeply into character. Add Solti's inclination to extremes of tempo and you have the literal equivalent of the work's subtitle: *The Follies of a Day.*

The stylistic jumble was further compounded by the non-functional designs of Teo Otto. Act I was completely lacking in the entrances and exists to explain the Count's dilemma, Act II was surrounded by a backdrop of trees used later for the garden scene, and neither these nor the setting for Act III had the substance suitable for a palace. As for the staging of Oscar Fritz Schuh, it zealously avoided any suggestion of ideas derived from such recent producers as Ebert or Graf, while avoiding, with equal ardor, any suggestion

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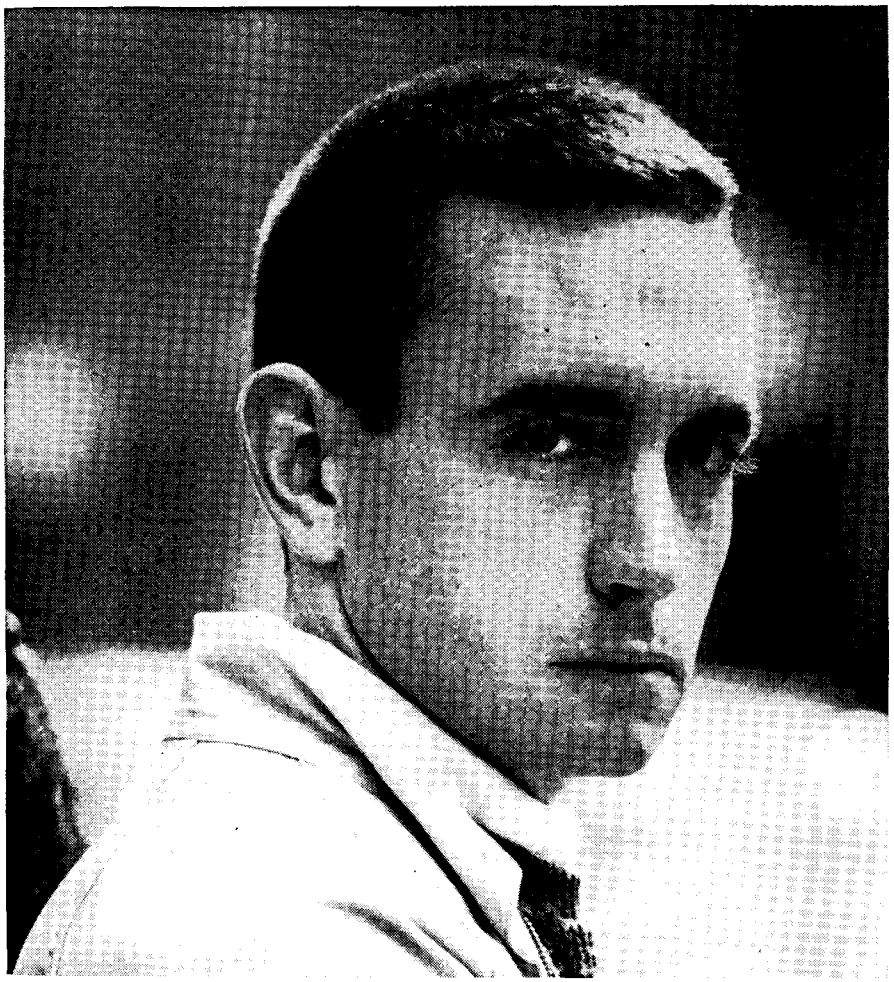

Edward Albee—"recognition and criticism of a sterile way of life in our society."

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"Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?" on LP

By JOHN GASSNER

ONE does not have to listen to more than the first side of the Columbia album *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* (mono DOL 287, $15.00; stereo DOS 687, $17.00) to realize that one is on the threshold of an important event in the history of recording. By the time one has heard all eight sides no other conclusion is possible than that the threshold has been crossed. Although Edward Albee's play reaches the listener unavoidably divested of the visual components provided by the Broadway production staged by Alan Schneider, the recording does not fail to project the soul and substance of the play. It comes to life in the throat of the speakers; and in the case of a recording that is the essential thing. One might not consider this possible in the case of *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* since Albee's play gives an impression of exceptional activity on the part of the characters—an impression that is a major factor in the power of the play to arouse concern and maintain tension. But the fact is that *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?*, despite some repeated expletives involving no particular imagination, has an uncommonly rich verbal texture. And fortunately the cast that speaks the words *acts* them, too. *Acted*, in contrast to merely *spoken*, speech is the most difficult kind to obtain from recording artists. Columbia Records apparently had no difficulty in obtaining it from the principals of the cast, Uta Hagen and Arthur Hill, engaged in a duel of the sexes Strindberg himself would have envied. If anything, the chief actors may be faulted for an excess of "acting" in some of their solo passages and verbal assaults on each other, especially in the third act. They shout at each other now and then beyond the call of duty, and early in that act Miss Hagen even appears to have allowed her emotion to suffocate articulateness for a while. But the merits of the performance vastly outweigh the momentary faults, making it remarkably easy for us to forget that we are listening to a recording, except in infrequent passages when we are uncertain for a few beats who is onstage and who is not.

How decidedly this recording is a triumph for those who have made it can be determined by observing how singularly free it is from the factitious ministrations of sound effects. Only an occasional extra-loud clinking of ice in a glass and the sound of footsteps that could have come from dropped ice cubes interrupt the heavenly relief from phoniness.

It is also a compliment to the author to be able to say to him that listening to his lines seemed sufficient. One reason is that they are often very good lines worth listening to for their shape (they are often so neatly turned) as well as content and for their cadence as well as substance; they are caught up, moreover, in a general stream or

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rhythm of feeling that makes them an authentic part of the action rather than obtrusive bits of declamation. Entire episodes exist as verbal structures in Albee's play and the phrases mesh with each other not so much as logically connected statements but as spontaneous utterances carrying pertinent moods, attitudes, or intentions. Albee's short phrases and sentences make up a series of musico-dramatic movements perhaps even more distinctly related than they could be in a visual production because the text comes at us naked, so to speak—that is, as pure sound.

In Act III, for example, there are several of these movements. The first is Martha's desperation, expressed in a drunken soliloquy (it has its own unique broken rhythm); the second is her disillusionment with men, starting with a teasing colloquy with her would-be but ultimately inadequate lover Nick and culminating in a monologue the keynote of which is "I am the Earth Mother, and you're all flops. . . . I pass my life in crummy, totally pointless infidelities . . . *would-be* infidelities." A new rhythm is established in a second, rather analytical, conversation with Nick concerning her attitude toward her husband George, "who has made the hideous, the hurting, the insulting mistake of loving me and must be punished for it." It is followed by the teasing rhythms of reducing Nick to the lowly status of a "houseboy" in compelling him to answer the doorbell, and of herself being teased and insulted by the mounting aggressiveness of her nearly cuckolded husband George. Then the beat quickens, the pulse grows uneven, and the voices strain toward a climax of violence as Martha strives to preserve her illusion of motherhood while George endeavors to strip her of it, the struggle culminating in the strong counterpoint of Martha's dramatizing the illusioned son while her husband recites the Latin prayers for the dead—that is, for the son who had never existed except in their imagination and whom he now proposed to "kill." Finally, there is the denouement or "falling action" starting with the ominous quietness of George's "I am afraid our boy isn't coming home for his birthday" and concluding with the fragmented sentences with which Martha reluctantly relinquishes her hitherto fiercely defended illusion. After that episode, when the two guests, Nick and his wife, depart, the lines assigned to the emotionally drained Martha and George rarely exceed two-word speeches of "I'm cold" and "It's late," and the play closes with Martha's dully spoken monosyllabic response to the "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?" ditty sung by her husband "I . . . am . . . George . . . I . . . am. . . ."

Hagen and Hill—"a duel of the sexes Strindberg would have envied."

From this partial analysis it may be evident why the Columbia recording is so satisfactory. The verbal (should I say "musical?") structure serves the drama so well without recourse to other theatrical elements that, given the effective interpretation of the actor-speakers, the dramatic action emanates powerfully from the recording surface.

Listeners who are affronted by a scattering of pungent words and allow their attention to be deflected from the play itself are not likely to rate the play highly. That is their privilege, although I cannot personally compliment them on exercising it. I would rather urge the fastidious to attend closely to *Romeo and Juliet* when the Nurse and Mercutio are having their say about love and domestic felicity. But I fear I would only insult the intelligence of my readers if I dignified charges of immorality against Albee's play with any sort of defense (it is not often that lust or lasciviousness is presented as joylessly and unattractively); and it is not for what the play isn't but for what it is that a work of art should be recommended.

That Albee's play *is* a work of art is something that the Columbia Records album makes even more abundantly evident than the attractively printed text published last year by Atheneum. After all, the play was written to be spoken and heard, and (as the author points out) many people apparently don't know how to read a play. In the Columbia recording, the original New York production comes alive as few previously recorded performances of plays have done. The voices are authentically the voices of Uta Hagen, Arthur Hill, George Grizzard, and Melinda Dillon, and they render the emotional nuances and rhythms of the text with a very considerable degree of success. I have indicated this in breaking down the verbal structure of one of the acts of the play, and the listener should be able to note or at least *sense* the variety of audible movements in every act. There is one other thing, however, he should be able to do, if not at first hearing then at a second or third—and that is to grasp the highly important over-all structure of this anything but haphazard work. Although space limitations do not allow me to undertake this project in detail for the reader, it is not particularly space-consuming to point out that, in spite of its great length and almost musical fluidity, *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* is a notably concentrated and carefully constructed drama.

An irritable middle-aged couple, notably articulate but also inebriated, comes home from a party, and before long the husband and wife, George and Martha, are slashing away at each other, mercilessly exposing themselves and two guests, a younger and seemingly happier but actually just as miserable couple. The battle attains sensational intensity because the principals are not only sufficiently aroused but, as Albee declares in the Columbia Records brochure, "intelligent and sensitive enough to build proper weapons for their war with each other." The struggle fluctuates, with dubious victory falling first to one side, then to the other, until the antagonists are sufficiently self-revealed and purged to arrive at a tentative reconciliation. Hosts and their guests in conventional American society (which Albee satirized previously in *The American Dream*) go in for "fun and games," and it is under the pretense of "fun and games" that the action proceeds. One movement is a "Get the Host" game in which Martha is the aggressor against George in the presence of the visitors. A second movement, a "get the guests" game, is directed against the visitors by the humiliated George, who resents the smugness of his guest and university colleague, the biologist Nick, on personal and general grounds. Nick, infuriated by revelations of his own unsatisfactory domestic life, and Martha, who is also out for vengeance, collaborate on the third game, in which Nick supposedly makes a cuckold of George—that is, "gets" the hostess, Martha. In the final movement, George counterattacks with a climactic "bringing up baby" game that "brings up" the crucial fact that Martha and he have never had a son and could not have a child. After all the devastating "fun" they have been having and the "games" the history professor George

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Eine Kleine Nachtnoise

By RALPH SCHOENSTEIN

AMERICA'S greatest conductor of outdoor music, Maestro Guido Alfresco, has just returned from the South Pacific for another summer of his beloved Music Under the Gnats. To millions of grass-stained esthetes, the maestro is an open-air genius, not merely because he conducts with a flyswatter but because he's the first conductor ever to tailor his music to atmospheric conditions. An artist who adapts each work to the particular setting in which it's performed, he has been called "the Frank Lloyd Wright of the podium" by *Field and Stream*, which recently said, "He's rotten indoors, but he's unsurpassed where there are no acoustics."

"Maestro," I asked him as he rehearsed an application of Citronella, "how do you make your concerts fit their environment so well?"

"First of all," he said, "you have to know the terrain—even better than the music. It's much more important to know the field conditions than the score because no one listens anyway. They're all too busy slicing salami and making love—though not always in that order."

"What do you mean by field conditions?"

"Well," he said, "if there's an echo—as at Lewisohn Stadium — I conduct something that bears repetition. And if there's other music competing with me, I try to play something in the same key."

"*Other* music?"

"Yes, there's plenty. At the Central Park Mall, you can hear the Tavern-on-the-Green dance band, which isn't easy to harmonize with; sometimes I have to modulate forty or fifty times in one symphony. It's a little hard on the orchestra, but anyone who happens to be listening appreciates it. Of course, I'd rather compete with that band than with babies; I can't seem to find the right chords for colic. You see, the kids cry in F at the Stern Grove Festival, but most of the gas at Tanglewood is C-sharp. If they'd just stick to one key, I might be able to work it into the *Ride of the Valkyries*."

"But most people know enough not to bring babies to summer concerts."

"That's true; they bring transistors. There are times when I don't know whether I'm conducting Samuel Barber or Red. People just can't seem to synchronize their eyes and ears any more. I wonder if anyone at the ballpark listens to *me*. Of course, a ball game can be interesting counterpoint, but it's a greater artistic challenge to harmonize with the Top Ten. One night at Aspen, Xavier Cugat joined my Schumann's *Third*. Luckily, no one noticed. I guess that's my genius: all my concerts leave room for *eine kleine Nachtnoise*."

"Even for planes?"

"*Especially* for planes; I conduct from flight schedules. Any conductor can know the music, but only a true artist knows when United is coming over."

"And when it comes, do you play louder?"

"No, I learned at Juilliard that even if you're doing *Götterdämmerung*, you can't beat a plane unless it has lost a couple of engines. For a while, I used to stop and shake my fist, but this was too wearing on the orchestra. They had enough trouble following me when I went after mosquitoes. So now I just play works that lend themselves to accompaniment by jets. Last week in a pasture near Tulsa, I did Schoenberg's Opus 16 as arranged for three 707's."

"I know; the CAB called it a masterpiece."

"And at Robin Hood Dell and Ravinia, I also draw freely on sirens and backfires, and—if I'm lucky—an occasional head-on collision."

"Then ship whistles don't bother you, either."

"Oh, no; I love to work with them. Last year at the East River Park Amphitheater, a Brazilian freighter gave me an E-flat two bars into the closing crescendo of the *Eroica*. It really woke 'em up. They stopped making love *that* night!"

"It was lucky the whistle was in Beethoven's key."

"I expected it. I know the keys of all the lines—except the Luckenbach, which is tone deaf."

"Then you must enjoy playing at the Music Barge on the Monongahela."

"No, most of the stuff on the Monongahela is flat. In fact, I haven't heard a really inspiring G major blast since my student days on the Utica barge canal."

"Maestro, you're truly in tune with the whole outdoors. Can *no* noise defeat you?"

"Oh, I haven't conquered them *all*. This July, I hope to do some guest conducting with the Cincinnati Summer Opera at the Cincinnati Zoo. I'm anxious to see if I can work a camel into *Otello*, now that I've learned how to use crickets in my *Toy Symphony*. And of course, my big dream is still to do the *1812 Overture* in maneuvers at Fort Bragg. I've already done it with thunder at Aspen."

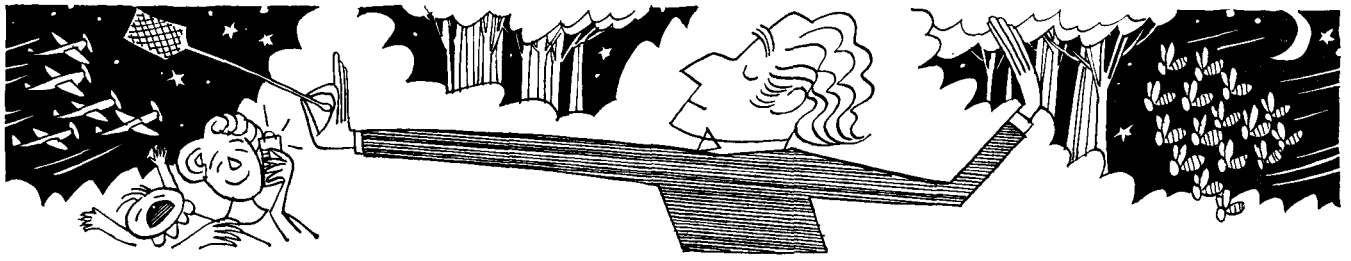
"Do you ever do any composing?"

"Yes, I've written a concerto for orchestra and refreshment stand that I plan to do at Lewisohn Stadium. I hope the bottles there still clink in D."

"I'm sure you'll bring it off. You know, I never realized that summer conducting was so challenging."

"More challenging than in a place where they can hear you," said the maestro, jauntily puncturing his tan with a hayfever injection.

"You think it's *easy* to conduct outdoors?" the maestro asked. "You think all you have to do is wave your arms and the moths go away? My boy, it takes *years* to learn how to scratch and not miss a beat."



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Points on Portables

By IVAN BERGER

PORTABLE phonographs fall into about four categories divided by price and sonic ambitions. In the lowest class, below $50, fall the manually operated models, suitable for children, but not for serious listening.

Above this range, between $50 and $100, where the attached table begins, such features as record changers, stereo, automatic shut-off, separate bass and treble controls, etc., begin to make their appearance. Most use ganged level controls to raise or lower both channels simultaneously plus a separate balance control to alter the relative loudness of one channel or the other. Separate-channel level controls necessitate re-balancing the channels with each change in level.

"Loudness" and "Volume" controls, are not identical. The "Loudness" control introduces some bass boost at low levels to compensate for the ear's reduced sensitivity to weakened sounds at these frequencies. Adequate tone controls can give the same effect. Separate bass and treble controls give far more flexible and pleasing results than a single, combined tone control.

Lightly-tracking, compliant, or retractable cartridges for less record wear and scratch are becoming common features on many models now available.

From $100 to $190, portables become a bit more ambitious—and on the average, heavier. Most use two or more speakers per channel, often with electronic cross-over networks to channel the high frequencies to the tweeter, the lows to the woofer.

One good indication of the serious sonic intentions of the portables in this group is that such specifications as power output, frequency response and tracking weight are listed for many of them. Unfortunately, these specifications usually are less than all-revealing. Amplifier output is the most commonly misleading specification, for a figure of "ten watts" may mean ten watts per channel, or ten watts overall (five per channel); it may be rated according to the continuous sine-wave, EIA music-power, or peak output standards; it may be measured at 2 per cent distortion or 10 per cent and may indicate the available output over a wide or a very narrow band of frequencies. Since, unlike most high-fidelity component manufacturers, the makers of portables do not specify what standards they use, their figures can serve only as a very general guide.

Similarly, frequency response is a limited indicator, unless such details as variations in level throughout the indicated range (usually measured as ("±Xdb"), and output level at which measured, are given.

Moreover, it should be specified whether the frequency response given refers to the phonograph as a whole or merely one component of it such as its amplifier. And distortion, one of the most important factors in listening pleasure, is never mentioned at all.

Above $190, we come to the pick of the portables. Many of them are made by familiar names from the high-fidelity component field. Most of these units use magnetic cartridges, which are capable of truer response but require more complex amplifiers. Amplifier outputs in this class range as high as forty watts (Bogen, Symphonic), and FM multiplex is available for the Pilot, Symphonic, and GE units, with inputs for tuners, tape recorders, etc., in several others. Diamond styli are found in most of the better portables.

One very prominent exception to the trend to larger speakers is the KLH 11. One of the first electronic products of a prominent speaker manufacturer, this unit uses small (three-inch) speakers of very high compliance, matched with a custom amplifier whose frequency-response is tailored to that of its associated speaker system, to produce a very clean, rich sound of exceptional quality for a portable. Yet as one of the three transistorized units in the group, it is among the lightest and (thanks largely to its special compact speakers) one of the smallest. KLH offers auxiliary inputs and a stereo-mono switch that helps to eliminate vertical rumble and "pinch-effect" distortion when playing monaural records.

MAKE	MODEL	PRICE	WEIGHT	SPEAKERS	OTHER FEATURES
$50-$100					
Admiral	Y5027	$ 79.95	26 lb	2-6"	2 detachable speakers. Tone control
	Y5037	99.95	28	2-6"	Same, plus fixed bass boost and automatic bass compensation at low listening levels. Balance control
	Y5009	69.95	23	2-5"	Detachable speakers. Separate volume controls
Birch	ATS6	69.95	22	—	Detachable speakers. Balance, tone, volume, controls
Columbia	M1710	99.95	41	2-8"	Loudness, balance, bass and treble controls. Detachable speakers
Decca	DP663	79.95	28	2-8"	Loudness, balance tone controls, speakers have 2.15 ounce magnets
Dynavox	629	89.50	30	2-6"	3½ watts peak per channel. Separate volume controls.
Emerson	1920	99.95	—	2-5¼"	Balance, bass, treble controls, 5 watt amp.
	1923	99.95	—	2-5¼"	Same features plus built-in radio and selector switch
Magnavox	1-SC229 "Stereorama"	99.90	25	2-6" coax	One speaker removable. Stylus tracks at 3 grams, guaranteed 10 years. Bass, treble, loudness balance controls. Transistor amp; 2-year warranty on transistors, 1 year *on other parts; 1 year free carry-in service.*
Motorola	SP42	79.95	—	2-5"	Tone and separate volume controls. Detachable speakers
	SP44	99.95	—	1-6", 2-5"	2 amplifiers with three output transformers, center-channel woofer, plus detachable individual channel speakers 45 rpm spindle and storage compartment included
	SP44	59.95	—	4-5¼"	Tone control
Philco	1421BK	69.95	—	2-5¼"	Separate loudness controls
	1428BU	79.95	—	2-5¼"	Tone control, separate loudness controls. Provision for wall mounting
	1430BR	99.95	—	2-6"	Detachable speakers, wall mounting provision, 45 rpm spindle
RCA	4VA5	59.95	22	2-3"x5"	Tone control
	4VC2	59.95	22	2-3"x5"	Tone control
	4VC4	79.95	36	2-4"	Tone and separate volume control
	4VC5	99.95	36	2-6½" Dual cone	Pressure-limiting pickup to prevent scratch
Sylvania	45P36	79.95	—	2-5"	Garrard changer, removable speakers, volume and tone controls
	45P34	99.95	—	2-5", 1-6"	Tone and balance controls; separate detachable speakers plus 6" speaker in master unit
	45P38	99.95	—	2-6"	Diamond stylus, balance, loudness, tone controls; accessory brackets

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MAKE	MODEL	PRICE	WEIGHT	SPEAKERS	OTHER FEATURES
VM	351	$99.95	26½ lb	2-6"x9"	1.5 watts music power per channel. Tone, balance control
Webcor	BP-1452	59.95	18	—	Monaural, tone & volume controls
	GP-1453	99.95	26	—	Speakers detachable. Separate channel volume controls, single tone control
Westinghouse	97ACs1	under $70	—	2-4"	Separate volume controls
Zenith	LP8	59.95	18	4"x6"	Volume, tone
	LPs45	79.95	23	2-4"x6"	Volume balance, tone, detachable speakers
	KPS50	99.95	27	2-6"	Loudness, tone, balance control. One speaker detachable
$100-$190					
Admiral	Y5097	119.95	30	2-3½", 2-6"	Electrical crossover, diamond stylus, nylon record brush, singalong mike, fixed bass boost plus low-volume bass boost. 45 spindle included
Bogen	VP10	129.50	26	12"	All four speeds individually adjustable. Manual turntable with automatic shut-off. Microphone input, lectern accessory. Microphone and phonograph volumes. Bass, treble
	VP20	187.90	43	12"	Speed continuously variable, 29-86 rpm; amplifier output: 20 watts peak, 50-50,000 cycles, ±1.5 db. 2 microphone inputs, GE magnetic cartridge. Bass treble and scratch filter, volume controls for mike and channel (2 switchable from mike to phono). Tone arm cueing device; monitor, tape and auxiliary speaker outputs
Decca	DP287	109.95	39	2-8", 2-3½"	Amplifier 7½ watts per channel, 50-16,000 cps. crossover, jacks for extra speakers. Dual bass treble, loudness balance controls
	DP299	139.95	54	2-10", 2-3½"	Ten watts per channel, 50-18,000 cycles. Bass, treble, loudness, balance controls. 2 pieces for ease in carrying
Dynavox	634	129.50	35	2-6", 2-3½"	14 watt music power, bass, treble, volume, balance
Magnavox	1-SC46 "Quartette"	139.50	37	2-8", 2-5"	10 watt transistor amp. For details see previous Magnavox entry.
	1-Sc49	139.50	38	2-8", 2-3"	6 watt transistor amp. Otherwise see above
Mercury	AG9115	139.95	24	—	6 watts (10 watts peak). Needle pressure adjustment and scale. Cueing device, diamond stylus, bass treble, balance controls. Detachable speakers, electronic damping, voltage selector, detachable speakers.
Motorola	SP45	149.95	—	1-6", 2-5¼"	Dividing network and center channel bass. See previous Motorola entry
Philco	1529BK	129.95	—	2-6", 2-4"	Diamond stylus, bass, loudness, treble, balance controls. Detachable speakers
	1537GY	179.95	—	2-8", 2-4"	Scratchguard, 45 RPM spindle, bass, treble, loudness balance controls, wall mountable, diamond stylus
RCA	4VC6	129.95	46	6½" duocone (2)	Hinged cartridge to prevent scratching. Bass, treble balance control
	4VC8	149.95	48	2-6½" duocone	Same, with singalong microphone
Sylvania	45P35	129.95	—	2-5", 1-6"	Tone and balance controls, diamond styli, optional legs
	45P39	129.95	—	2-6", 2-3½"	Detachable speakers, Garrard changer, diamond stylus. Balance, loudness & tone controls
Symphonic	4PN35	119.95	35	2-3½", 2-8"	Amplifier frequency response, 50-15,000 cps. detachable speakers, diamond stylus, bass, treble, loudness, balance controls. 2.5 gram tracking. 45 rpm spindle included.
	4PS34	169.95	34	2-8"	Diamond stylus, volume, balance, tone, tuning, AFC, FM, multiplex and AM radio. 5 gram tracking. 50-15,000 cps amplifier response
VM	357	129.95	25	2-5¼", 2-6"	8 watts peak per channel. Tonomatic loudness, bass, balance, treble, controls
	380	179.95	32	2-3½", 2-6"	Ported speaker enclosures, transistorized. 7½ watts per channel, diamond stylus, controls as on 357
Webcor	EP-1455	119.95	27	2-6"	50-15,000 cycles. Bass, treble, volume, balance controls. Detachable speakers
	EP-1458	149.95	29	4-5"	Same details
	EP-1459	169.95	29	2-4", 2-6"	Same details
Zenith	KPS70	129.95	29½	2-4", 2-6"	2 gram tracking, loudness, stereo balance, bass, treble controls. 1 detachable spkr.
	KPS80	149.95	37	2-3½", 2-5¼", 1-8"	Same with center bass channel
Columbia	M1712	149.95	48	2-8", 4-4"	20 watt amplifier, diamond stylus. Balance, loudness, bass, treble
Emerson	1924	149.95	—	2-3½", 2-6"	5 watt amplifier, radio.
Westinghouse	91ACS1	160.00	—	2-4", 2-6"	Detachable speakers, 10 watt music power, 20 watt peak, solid state amplifier. 2-gram tracking, diamond stylus.
	92SC1	under $200	—	2-4", 2-6", 1-8"	Same, but 2-piece, with amplifier and changer in one case, 3 speakers separate
Over $190					
Bogen	VP40A	273.25	58	2-12"	40 watt peak Bogen amplifier, 50-15,000 cycles, ±1.5 db, 2 microphone inputs. Bass, treble, separate volume controls for microphone input and input 2; input 2 switchable from microphone to phono. Speech filter, automatic tone arm cueing; monitor, tape and auxiliary speaker outputs. GE variable-reluctance cartridge. Scratch filter. Speed continuously variable, 29-86 rpm
Columbia	M1716	199.95	36	2-6½"	All transistor; 15 watts music power, 30 watts peak. 50-20,000 cycles. Tracking pressure under 2 grams (built in pressure gauge). One year warranty on labor & parts. In two separate cases
Dynavox	635	199.50	48	2-3½", 4-6"	Amplifier: 30 watts peak, under 1% distortion at listening level, bass, treble, volume, balance and selector controls. Crossover networks. Tuner input. 50-15,000 cycles, ±1 db, mode indicator lights, diamond stylus. In two cases
General Electric	2081	199.95	51	2-3", 2-8"	5 watts music power. GE variable-reluctance cartridge. Bass, treble, volume, balance controls
	2091	279.95	—	2-3", 2-8"	Similar to 2081, but with AM-FM-multiplex tuner
KLH	11	199.00	28	2-3"	7½ watts per channel music power. Amplifier response compensated to match special high-compliance speakers used. Pickering 380-C cartridge, diamond stylus, volume, bass, treble, balance controls; stereo/mono and input selector switches. Auxiliary input. Detachable speakers with 40 feet of cable. Transistorized. Five-year warranty
Liberty	—	249.95	—	—	Four speakers, 20 watt (peak) per channel amplifier; Pickering 380C cartridge with diamond stylus. Scratch and rumble filters, loudness contour switch. 2 pairs of inputs, detachable speakers
Motorola	SP29-1	199.95	—	2-5¼", 2-4", 1-8"	14-watts EIA Music-Power output, three transistorized amplifiers, with push-pull amplifier for center bass channel. Fused for safety. 45 rpm spindle and storage compartment
	AP30-1	249.95	—	same	Same, with "Vibrasonic" reverberation system
Pilot	—	199.50	28	2-6", 2-3½"	15 watts music power output, transistorized. Shure or Pickering Cartridge, diamond stylus. Volume, balance, treble, bass, auxiliary/phono, stereo/mono controls. Compartment for accessory FM multiplex tuner, auxiliary input for tape
Symphonic	4PS39	229.95	47	2-8", 4-3½"	50-18,000 cycles. 40 watts. Retracting stylus for record protection. Function, loudness, bass, treble, balance, tuning, AFC, multiplex FM/AM controls. Illuminated dial radio built-in. Tracks at 2.5 grams. 45 spindle included.
Webcor	EP1450	199.95	38	2-6", 2-4"	Output 9 watts per channel. 50 to 15,000 cycles, Diamond stylus, 45 rpm spindle. Microgroove changer has 16, 33, 45 rpm only. Volume, bass, treble, balance and mono-stereo controls. Detachable speakers

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Recordings in Review

Egmont, Entire (Musically)

BEETHOVEN: *Incidental Music to Goethe's "Egmont". Maurice Abravanel conducting the Utah Symphony Orchestra, with Netania Davrath, soprano, and Walther Reyer, speaker.* Vanguard VSD 2139, $5.95.

Virtually everyone knows the *Egmont* overture, some know the setting of "Die Trommel Gerühret" and "Freudvoll und Leidvoll," or, possibly, "Clärchens Tod." But very few, even of these, have ever had the opportunity to put them together with the four entr'actes, the "Melodrama" and the "Triumph Symphony" in the sequence as they were written by Beethoven. Here is that opportunity and it is a welcome one.

Whether it corresponds in any realistic way to the conception of Beethoven is, of course, another matter. Aside from the words spoken towards the end by Reyer (since he is a thespian of the Burgtheater in Vienna, it is reasonable to assume that his voice was taped separately and added to the musical sound someplace between Vienna and Salt Lake City), the text of Goethe is absent, and the isolated musical episodes naturally lack the relationship they had in Beethoven's mind. But for those who wish to do so, a home reading of *Egmont* is now possible with the music provided at the appropriate places, an inverse kind of "Music Minus One."

In essence, the drama of *Egmont* is the drama of the *Egmont* Overture: but the songs are familiarly charming, especially as sung by Miss Davrath, who manages to impart to them a kind of warmth reminiscent of the recordings made years ago by Lotte Lehmann with Manfred Gurlitt conducting. Elsewhere, Abravanel strives hard for the kind of mellowness Bruno Walter imparted to this music, but it tends to be rhythmically flabby, lacking the inner core of resolution that strengthened Walter's exterior caress. The Utah Symphony plays better than on most prior recordings of it.

The Sound of Tomorrow

STOCKHAUSEN: *"Gesang der Jünglinge," "Kontakte". Realisation des Elektronischen Studios des WDR Köln.* D G 138 811, $6.98.

As an accessory for aural doodling, the tape recorder was long ago recognized as supremely adaptable. Its flexibility of speed, docility of direction (forward or reverse), and responsiveness in dynamics (instant fortissimo or infinitely retarded pianissimo) make it the ideal servant of any home experimenter's will.

What, then, distinguishes the "compositions" of Stockhausen from those of the do-it-yourself experimenters, or those whose professional efforts have been devoted to contriving sound effects for the films or television? Some attempt at an esthetic ordering of values—human sound as well as electronic—is utilized in *Gesang der Jünglinge*, and instrumental as well as electronic in *Kontakte*, but not enough, as yet, to demark clearly creation from caricature. (Both works were realized at the elaborate electronic studios of the West German Radio in Cologne.)

There is a bit of a poetic aura to *Gesang der Jünglinge*, in which the prevailingly high, thin sound of young voices is occasionally punctuated by a definable word or group of syllables. "Whenever speech momentarily emerges from the sound-symbols in the music," says the annotation, "it is to praise God (Daniel 3, 'Song of the Men in the Fiery Furnace')." As for *Kontakte*, the same annotation tells us, the title "not only indicates contacts between electronic and instrumental sound groups, but also contacts between autonomous, very characteristic moments," with a separate version for public performance in which a prerecorded tape is reproduced through a four-track loudspeaker and additional sound is provided by two performers, on percussion and piano. The version here is the composer's adaptation of the four-track tape to a two-track disc.

Stockhausen — "Some attempt at an esthetic ordering of values."

There is no doubt at all that electronics—utilizing the term in the broadest sense to include means of generating as well as means of preserving sound—have given rise to a vast range of aural possibilities. Stockhausen's experiments have codified a good many procedures and elaborated an impressive range of techniques. So far, the esthetic to make communicative use of the procedures and techniques is unformed, and lasting interest in the product thereof is minimal.

Handel by Peerce

HANDEL: *"Say to Irene" ("Atalanta"), "Total Eclipse" ("Samson"), "War is Toil and Trouble" ("Alexander's Feast"), "Where'er You Walk" ("Semele"), "Love Sounds the Alarm" and "Where Shall I Seek" ("Acis and Galatea"), "Sommi Dei" ("Radamisto"), "Enjoy the Sweet Elysian Grove" ("Alceste"), "Waft Her, Angels" ("Jephtha"), and "Sound an Alarm" ("Judas Maccabaeus"). Jan Peerce, tenor, with Hans Schwieger conducting.* Westminster WST 170-28, $4.98.

Any tenor who commits himself to recording a Handel collection, especially a collection including "Where'er you Walk," has to be prepared for the one inevitable comparison. Jan Peerce has prepared himself so well and made such a masterful success of his effort that he may be granted the accolade of virtual parity with that inescapable paragon, John McCormack. As it happens, McCormack was in the later phases of his career when he made his model "Where'er You Walk" in 1936, but there are few who would contend that Jan at his best, matched the vocal quality of John at his best. But the touchstone of artistry is what a performer does with what he has at his disposal, and in that respect Peerce is second to none.

Of almost equal celebrity as a test piece for fine singing is "Waft Her, Angels." The difference is, however, that few have ever heard the recording of such a stylist as Frank Mullings, let alone the long-revered Dan Beddoe, who didn't record it. Hence, refinement on the order achieved by Peerce is a standard of its own, by which others to come may be measured. In both, the tempi set by Schwieger and his steady control of the orchestra are elements of substantial importance in the total.

These two fine efforts are quite

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enough to distinguish any record, but the opportunity to know such rarities as "Say to Irene," "War Is Toil and Trouble," "Enjoy the Sweet Elysian Grove," and "Sommi Dei" as well to re-enjoy the more familiar "Total Eclipse" and "Sound an Alarm" leaves no option but to pronounce this disc one of those indispensable issues that appear only a few times a year (in a good year). Where the pace is more strenuous and the contours of the music more demanding, Peerce sometimes has to sacrifice good sound in a stretch for the pitch, but his articulation of text and sense of line are unfailing.

Scherchen, Offenbachian

OFFENBACH: *Overtures to "La Vie Parisienne", "Orphée aux Enfers", "Monsieur et Madame Denis", "La Belle Helene," "La Grande Duchesse de Gérolstein", "Barbe-bleue". Hermann Scherchen conducting.* Westminster WST 170-35, $4.98.

Is it true, as no one has yet suggested, that Scherchen is really the Teutonic Beecham? Perhaps that decision will have to await further examples of his artistry with *Zückerln* (a German equivalent of Beecham's "lollipops"), ranging from Massenet to Waldteufel, before pursuing the comparison further. Insofar as Offenbach is concerned, Scherchen is both idiomatic and efficient. He is also unfailingly musical.

None of this should surprise those who know his background thoroughly, for he had a broad range of experience before acquiring a reputation as master of the most complex scores that could be produced for Donaueschingen or Frankfurt, when those haunts of modernity were still using musicians, not machines. And though he might trifle with tempi in *Messiah* or the B-minor Mass, Scherchen has a healthy respect for the traditions of Offenbach.

Before these comments are interpreted as an all-out endorsement, note should be taken that the orchestral sound in the sensuously scored passages of *La Belle Hélène* and *La Grande Duchesse de Gérolstein* lacks—well, sensuousness—and there are some coarse accents more suggestive of Jakob Eberst of Cologne than (as he later became) Jacques Offenbach of Paris. But, by the measure of one whose name stirs memory of a collaborator in the first performance of *Pierrot Lunaire* and author of the scholarly *Lehrbuch des Dirigierens,* it is no less than sparkling. Some of the lacks of sound might be a by-product of the rather thinnish quantity of tone from the Vienna State Opera Orchestra and its less than radiant reproduction. —IRVING KOLODIN.

A Cultured "Così" from Ringstrasse

ALTHOUGH the Ferrando is Spanish, the Guglielmo Italian, and the orchestra (the Philharmonia) British, Angel's new *Così fan tutte* is very much a Viennese affair (S3631 D/L. $23.98). The Viennese element has as much to do with musical accents as verbal ones. The post-War traditions of Ringstrasse, as reproduced here, involve clarity for its own sake, a stress on ensemble values, (usually) delicate humor, a dynamic scale in which pianissimos dominate, lyricism that may come close to crooning, and constant awareness of the singer's prerogative to act with the voice. None of these traditions are disadvantages in themselves; they can, in fact, be quite virtuous. But if carried to extremes, they become mannerisms—mannerisms that stifle the Mozartean spark. And that, unfortunately, is just what happens in much of the new *Così.*

The most serious problem, however, involves Karl Böhm, whose tempi can be attributed to no standing tradition; they are not even reinforced by the same conductor's previous *Così* (London XLLA-32). When Irving Kolodin first evaluated that recording on these pages seven years ago, he noted the conductor's "tendency to fall in love with the euphony and blend of the sound itself, drawing it out (as in the 'Addio' quintet) in a manner clearly contrary to the sense of the words." In general, the 1963 tempi are even more leisurely; the pulse of the same quintet has decreased further, the "laughing" trio ("E voi ridete") doesn't even chuckle now, and Despina's potentially breezy "Una donna a quindici anni" nearly comes to a standstill.

Böhm's ear for texture, his care for detail, his sense of balance, and his light touch are still in evidence. But these qualities are minimized by an approach that is too thoughtful, and almost painfully serious for so lighthearted a work. The new recording, by the way, fills eight sides, whereas Böhm's London effort was easily confined to six. One is grateful that the opera's symmetry is kept intact by the restoration of both Ferrando's and Dorabella's second arias. But these were accommodated just as well on the six sides of the spirited Karajan recording (also on Angel).

The Karajan *Così* has another advantage in its Fiordiligi, even though the soprano in both happens to be Elisabeth Schwarzkopf. The difference is that the Schwarzkopf of 1954 brought more voice and less self-consciousness to the part. And the relative unfamiliarity of the assignment (she had not yet sung *Così* on the stage) was, if anything, an asset. In the new set there is no denying her refinement and authority, especially in the ensembles. But the two big arias are an obstacle for any lyric soprano, and the Schwarzkopf of today is forced to lunge at the high notes and all but coo and whistle the coloratura passages of "Come scoglio." Christa Ludwig, on the other hand, has come a long way since first recording Dorabella with Böhm (she is the only holdover from the previous team) and now sings the part with tremendous artistry. Hanny Steffek, the new Despina, knows how to be charming without being too cute, and deserves credit for restraining the caricature in her "doctor" disguise. It is doubly irritating, therefore, that she indulges in such grotesque vocal distortions when impersonating the "notary." Also, the slow tempi, coupled with the strangeness of the Italian original (in Munich she sings *Così* in German), seem to make her nervous.

The men fare better. Their voices are nicely contrasted and balanced, and each knows the power of understatement. Alfredo Kraus is a novice Mozartean (Nicolai Gedda had been originally announced for the recording), but his well-schooled *tenorino bianco* is both agreeable and appropriate. Giuseppe Taddei, predictably, turns in an assured and musicianly performance; he is logically cast as Guglielmo because he had previously recorded Leporello and Figaro for Angel—all three roles were performed in Mozart's day by Francesco Benucci. The darker-voiced Walter Berry, who sings Guglielmo on the European Philips recording, is probably the best sung, suavest Alfonso on LP.

All things considered, the idiosyncrasies of this beautifully recorded performance may attract as many listeners as they repel. In any case, this is not the last word in recorded *Così*s. That word *may* be said when Deutsche Grammophon releases its version in October (with Seefried, Merriman, Köth, Häfliger, Prey, and Fischer-Dieskau under Jochum). It remains perplexing, however, that some of today's finest *Così* interpreters are still unrepresented. Surely there is room on LP for a Jurinac Fiordiligi, a Berganza Dorabella, for Sciutti as Despina and Luigi Alva as Ferrando, not to mention Krips as conductor . . .

—MARTIN BERNHEIMER.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 13, 1, 6, 14, 7, 4, 10, 12, 15, 9, 3, 11, 5, 8, 2.

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RECORDINGS REPORTS I: ORCHESTRAL LPs

TITLE, PERSONNEL, DATA	REPORT
Dello Joio: Fantasy and Variations; Ravel: Concerto in G. Lorin Hollander, piano, with Erich Leinsdorf conducting the Boston Symphony Orchestra RCA Victor LSC 2667, $5.98; 4T FTC 2138, $8.95.	Dello Joio's work serves well its purpose of exhibiting the fluency and impact of Hollander's technical proficiency. This third hearing (two prior ones were also with Hollander) adds to the esteem for the surety of hand with which the work is organized, but a mark of individuality is otherwise hard to identify. As for the Ravel, it is no challenge at all for Hollander's ability to play fast and clean, but there is more to it than the glittering surface he conveys. Shallow it is; but not unidimensional as Hollander's effort seems to suggest. At the gait he takes the adagio, its charm tends to dissipate. Leinsdorf provides the soloist with a treatment in keeping with Hollander's inclinations.
Gotovac: *Kolo (Ero, der Schelm);* Kodály: *Háry János* suite; Tchaikovsky: Theme and Variations (Suite No. 3). Rudolf Kempe conducting the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra. Angel S 35975, $5.98.	Jakov Gotovac, whose entertaining *Kolo* makes an attractive interlude of contrast between the two familiar works on this disc, is a conductor and composer of Zagreb identified on the sleeve of this issue as "musical director of the opera there." The *kolo* is a round dance (the title of the opera from which it is taken is translated as *Ero the Joker*), with something of the cumulative character of the *hora.* It is skillfully elaborated by Gotovac in a manner reminiscent of the Enesco *Roumanian Rhapsodies* and well repays Kempe's investment of effort. The disc is otherwise more remarkable for the playing of the superb Vienna strings in the Tchaikovsky than for the clean but insufficiently detailed treatment of the Kodály. Connoisseurs of cimbalom playing will find their interests well served by the close attention given by the recordists to the skillful performance by John Leach.
Mozart: Sinfonie Concertanti, K. 364, K. Anhang 9. Victor Desarzens conducting the Chamber Orchestra of Lausanne, with Stephan Romascano, violin; Marie-Rose Guiet, viola; Eduard Meylan, oboe; Robert Kemblinsky, clarinet; Jozsef Molnar, horn; and Bozidar Tumpej, Bassoon. Westminster WST 17036, $4.98.	Neither of these is the best performance of the work ever recorded, but together they make a wonderfully complementary pair and a rich source of musical pleasure. The work with violin and viola solo is the more successful of the two, as much for physical as for any other reasons; it is easier to get two able string players than four equally matched wind virtuosi. Both the violinist and violist sustain with artistry the burden Mozart has put upon them in this work, and Desarzens' backgrounding is both discreet and assertive, depending on circumstances. However, the same conductorial skill applied to the K. Anhang 9 is less productive, for the reasons noted above, and because of complications in the concertante itself which tax the resources of his players. Good, well-balanced recording, though a bit of tape with an inconsistent aural frame comes into the last measures of the last movement.
Schubert: Symphonies Nos. 2 and 3. Lorin Maazel conducting the Berlin Philharmonic. DGG Stereo SLPM 138 790, $6.98; LPM 18 790, $5.98.	Maazel summons real brio and rhythmic flair to make a maximum effect with the *presto vivace* finale of No. 3, the best achievement among the eight movements included on this disc. However, it is also his pleasure to drive unmercifully the opening *allegro vivace* of No. 2, where a lighter touch and much less impetuous manner are not merely desirable but essential. As for the two slow movements, Maazel clearly disagrees with those who consider "genial" an appropriate word for Schubert. Perhaps it is a tribute to his compulsion as a conductor that he can galvanize the Berlin Philharmonic to the degree that he does in this disc, but there would be more to admire were the energy applied in works where it is more consistently appropriate.
Schumann: Symphony No. 2 in C, Op. 61. Leonard Bernstein conducting the New York Philharmonic Orchestra. Columbia Stereo MS 6448, $5.98; Mono ML 5848, $4.98.	As in the instance of the previous issue of Nos. 3 and 4, Columbia makes much of the use in this performance of "the rarely heard original orchestrations." If they are so "rarely heard" as well as "original," would it not be simple justice to the listener if some specifications of where and what were included? I can see nothing in the least illuminating here in the reproducing of Edward Downes's annotation from the Philharmonic's program book. On the whole, the sound of the orchestra is among the best of the Philharmonic Columbia has given us with Bernstein, and in some moments of the slow movement, especially, it is strikingly beautiful. The performance is also in Bernstein's best Schumann manner, which is to say that the tide of sympathy runs deep, though sometimes a bit to extremes—a Scherzo that races, a slow movement that languishes. On the whole, alive, thoughtful interpretation.
Shostakovitch: Symphony No. 5. Istvan Kertesz conducting L'Orchestre de la Suisse Romande. London CS 6327, $5.98.	The shape of this work is by now so well defined that few conductors who have recorded it (there are ten versions in the catalogue as of Summer 1963) fail to achieve an effect with its dramatic (sometimes garish) climaxes. Kertesz strikes beyond this, however, in making a real musical panorama from the work's best pages, which are its ones of quiet reflection or repose after excitement has subsided. He also enjoys a substantial success with the Geneva orchestra, which plays beautifully for him and is faultlessly reproduced.
Sibelius: *Finlandia, Swan of Tuonela, Valse triste, Pohjola's Daughter,* and *Lemminkäinen's Return.* Morton Gould and his orchestra. RCA Victor Stereo LSC 2666, $5.98; Mono LM 2666, $4.98.	As an exhibition of Dynagroove techniques and their relevance to the vivid orchestral patterns of Sibelius, this record is an unquestionable success. It is clear, clean, and possessed of that brilliant presence which brings the sound close to the ear in most Dynagroove specimens. But it is also concentrated in its dynamic range between mezzo-forte and fortissimo, with a lack of true contour and contrast. Gould's part in this relates to projection of the brilliance in the scoring, and its proximity to the microphone—both of which he achieves successfully. However, the mere playing of *Finlandia* fast and loud, or the articulation of the notes in *Lemminkäinen's Return,* does not assure justice to all that Sibelius put into these pieces. In other words, Gould does everything that comes into the range of efficiency, but he has hardly lived with these works closely enough to command them artistically as well. Best of all are *The Swan of Tuonela,* in which Albert Goltzer is the fine English horn soloist, and *Pohjola's Daughter,* in which Harvey Shapiro is the principal cellist.
Vaughan Williams: Symphony No. 5. John Barbirolli conducting the Philharmonia Orchestra. Angel 35952, $4.98.	The composer's awareness of the path he was pursuing in this work is explicit enough in its dedication to Sibelius. However much the method may belong to the Finn, the substance is wholly the Briton's own, working through a stormy first movement to a serenely expressive Romanza (embodying material from his opera *The Pilgrim's Progress*), and culminating in a passacaglia on a grand scale. Barbirolli's love for the work was revealed long ago in its first recording (on 78 rpm) and it was clearly deepened with the passage of time. It is his first recording with the Philharmonia, which plays superbly for him, and through him, for Vaughan Williams. Broadly spacious sound. —IRVING KOLODIN.

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Art Song and Song Art

By WINIFRED CECIL

NEW RECORDINGS are always an adventure and I am happy to say that I listen to each new release that comes my way with lively anticipation. That the widely advertised is sometimes disappointing and the unheralded is sometimes a delight only adds to the wonder and the satisfaction. To me it is still magic that by pressing a button, without leaving my chair, I can enjoy almost any kind of musical performance.

The current assortment includes a variety of excursions by prominent singers, the first publication by a new recording company (Scope Records), and new issues by another company rather recently established (Cambridge Records). Moreover, I know the singing of all of the artists represented here. I have heard and liked them "live". But not all of the present recordings are equally successful in showing the singers at their best.

The Ezio Flagello recording of Mozart and Rossini bass arias is stunning, a credit to all, not only the soloist and his conductor-brother, Nicholas, making their joint recording debut, but also to Scope Records, which makes *its* debut with this disc. All have set a lofty standard which it is a pleasure to praise without reservation. In a few years Ezio Flagello has become a deservedly distinguished opera singer. In my opinion, his first Scope recording can only enhance his reputation. His voice is beautiful and even from a sonorous bottom to a top (high G, mind you!) which many a baritone might envy. On the recording, his diction is so exemplary that, if I had not been familiar with the texts he was singing, I would, nevertheless, have understood every syllable. Indeed, my first impulse was to believe that a non-Italian would understand. Flagello's sense of comedy is enchanting and, although I felt youth rather than the weight of age in the Mozart "Qui sdegno" ("In diesen heil'gen Hallen" from *Magic Flute*), I had to admit that not many contemporary singers could manage the aria so well.

Flagello (as Leporello)—"beautiful voice . . . enchanting sense of comedy."

The Scope engineers have given the recording such "presence" that with closed eyes I could easily have believed that Mr. Flagello himself was singing in the room. This is an exciting recording of an exciting performance. It will be difficult, a challenge of no mean proportions, for Scope to surpass the quality of its first release.

Two new performances by soprano Maria Stader — Mozart arias from Deutsche Grammophon, and Mozart, Schubert, and Schumann songs from Westminster—pose an interesting and puzzling problem. I have already confessed that my response to vocal pyrotechnics is more intellectual than emotional. I yield to none in my appreciation of the technical proficiency that makes each flying note at the upper reaches of the scale an example of precision, but, having once heard the performance, I rarely listen again for pleasure. For me, one ingredient of singing, however thrilling, is only part of a much more comprehensive musical entity. As Lucrezia Bori once remarked, "Voice alone is not enough."

Thus I approached Miss Stader's recording of the frighteningly difficult Mozart arias with rather more respect for her skill and fortitude than excitement over the musical experience ahead of me. Let me say forthwith that her singing of "Voi avete un cor fedele" and "Vorrei spiegarvi" are *tours de force*, and leave nothing to be wished for either vocally or dramatically. The tessitura of the former is in the category of the impossible. Yet Miss Stader sings every note, top and bottom, with impeccable accuracy and with a speed and assurance possible

Stader — ". . . an interesting and puzzling problem."

only for a vocalist of superior accomplishment. Aware, as she must have been, of the arias' demands and hazards—as if she knew that success depended on "all or nothing"—Miss Stader is unsparing of her forces and pours into her performance a lavish combination of physical energy, mind, and heart, to say nothing of voice. The result is rich. The arias and Miss Stader herself come radiantly alive. I think Mozart would have been pleased.

WESTMINSTER'S release of Mozart, Schubert, and Schumann songs, as sung by the same Miss Stader is, therefore, the more perplexing. As she sings them, the Mozart songs are clear, precise, and, on the whole, charming, but the Stader of the songs is not the Stader of the arias. Granted at once that the requirements of a brilliant concert aria by Mozart are quite different from those, for instance, of "An Chloe." Nevertheless, after her lustrous performance of the arias, where nothing seemed beyond her, I was surprised to sense an absence of *legato* in the songs, more than a suggestion of brittleness, a lack of color variety—indeed, a detachment—and to my real astonishment, after the effortless soaring in the arias, a reedy quality in Miss Stader's upper voice. Incredibly, "Un moto di gioia" hardly moved at all. I was also disturbed at once by the erratic tempos in the Schumann songs. Although the score indicates the tempo of "Seit ich ihn gesehen," the first of the *Frauenliebe und Leben* cycle, as *larghetto*, Miss Stader sings the song so slowly that it loses pulse and any feeling whatever of forward movement; while

(*Continued on page* 51)

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Recordings Reports II: Miscellaneous LPs & Tapes

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Beethoven: *Christ on the Mount of Olives.* Jan Peerce, Maria Stader, and Otto Wiener, with Hermann Scherchen conducting. Westminster 17033, $4.98.	This eloquent work has long been in want of a recording of suitable artistic and technical qualities to make its values audible—which is to say, a recording of the seriousness and care of this one. It is, in all respects, one of the best Scherchen has done for the phonograph, and far above the level of most of those he has done lately. By no means the best of Beethoven, it nevertheless combines its readily recognizable resemblances to *Fidelio* with much else that is absorbing. Peerce is as eloquent a voice for Jesus as one could hear, and able to command a sound to match his artistry; Stader is a Seraph in tone as well as name; Wiener does well by the requirements of Peter. Very satisfactory sound.
Beethoven: Quartet in E flat, Op. 127. Budapest Quartet. Columbia stereo MS 6385, $5.98; mono ML 5783, $4.98.	Here is a performance, the first in more than a few months, in which the name of Budapest is not a reminder of past greatness but a promise of present achievement. How or when achieved, it amends the wayward intonation and sometimes rough sound that have characterized many Budapest releases for more than a year and matches the profound understanding of these players of the work, and each other, with surely centered pitch and firm, unblemished sound (mostly, anyhow; when the going is rough, in the finale, so is the sound). In this kind of control, the Budapest ensemble has its own eloquent kind of Beethoven to discourse, and this is a work in which eloquence is not an alternative but an essential. The high standard set at the beginning is sustained throughout. If, as might possibly be the case, this recording predates the decline noted above, it remains a testimonial to the quality that made the name of Budapest a criterion of value.
Beethoven: Sonatas in E flat (Op. 12, No. 3) and F (Op. 23). Zino Francescatti, violin, and Robert Casadesus, piano. Columbia MS 6427, $5.98.	When their series is completed (this is disc No. 5 and carries them halfway to the total of ten sonatas), the Beethoven of Francescatti and Casadesus should be a model for even the best of their contemporaries. There is no need for anyone to issue a reminder that these works were published as sonatas for piano with violin obbligato, for the piano has all the prominence that Beethoven intended. Contrariwise, the partnership is an absolutely even one, with Francescatti enjoying every bit of the opportunity to which his portion of the joint effort is entitled. This means that in the Opus 12, it is somewhat recessive, but much more to the foreground in the Opus 23. This respects the cognomen of *Spring* by which it is known, in the freshness of the spirit with which it is performed, though there is, unmistakably, a bit of late spring—or early fall—gustiness in the finale. Fine sound.
Beethoven: Sonata in E flat, Opus 27, No. 1; Mozart: Sonata in C, K. 330. Haydn: Sonata No. 23 in F. Leonard Pennario, piano. Capitol SP 8584, $5.98.	This disc resembles the average of Pennario's in its fleetness of fingers and surety of execution, but it contains another element not always associated with him. That is a reflective power which makes the Beethoven—about the most obscure work in the thirty-two, because it shares the opus number of the *Moonlight*—constantly absorbing. His command of subtlety in touch and accent does not extend to the differentation of Haydn and Mozart, but the signs of progress are many. A constantly good piano sound is another attractive element in this offering.
Handel: Suite in D minor. Bach, J. S.: Suite (English) No. 2 in A minor. Rameau: Suite in E minor. Fernando Valenti, harpsichord. Music Guild Stereo S-37, $6.50.	Valenti's primary identification as a Scarlatti interpreter should not be construed as cause to put the label of specialist on him. These performances are made of the same musicality, technical control, and interpretative flair that have marked the best of his efforts in the literature for which he is best known. At the same time, there are some distinctions to be made, some preferences to be expressed. I find his Handel least convincing (the Sarabande with variations is very well performed), his Bach more absorbing, though a little mechanical in its accents, and the Rameau consistently excellent. This, of course, is not a suite in any sense related to the composer's combination of items; it is a series of excerpts from the first book of clavecin pieces, including *Le Rappel des Oiseaux, La Villageoise,* and the famous *Tambourin.* Very satisfactory sound.
Haydn: Six Canzonettes; Britten: *Hölderlin* fragments. Peter Pears, tenor, with Benjamin Britten, piano. London Stereo OS 25321, $5.98.	The Haydn canzonettes (settings of English texts) are not all of the quality of the favorite "She Never Told her Love," but they are of unfailing interest nevertheless. Included is a "Sailors Song" that has the rollicking lightness of Mozart's Papageno, and may reflect Haydn's esteem for his younger contemporary, then (1795) four years an immortal. Britten's setting of the Hölderlin material is a kind of return of compliment, dedicated to Prince Ludwig of Hesse, who brought them to his attention (1958). They are certainly more Britten than Hölderlin, which is to be expected: but add a reason for acquiring this disc. Pears sings well within his best dynamic range most of the time, which is to say that it is a very fine song interpretation (one or two of the Hölderlin items push his range a little). Britten, as ever, is a full partner in their artistic collaboration.
Mahler: *Das Lied von der Erde.* Bruno Walter conducting the New York Philharmonic Orchestra with Mildred Miller, mezzo, and Ernst Haefliger, tenor. Columbia Stereo MS 6426, $5.98; Mono ML 5826, $4.98.	In its remastered form on a single record (it was previously issued on two discs with the *Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen*) this performance will doubtless have a renewed and broadened appeal. So far as the instrumental elements are concerned, this is in every way justified, for it is the ripest statement of a mood and atmosphere that had been maturing with Walter ever since the work was first performed under his direction. For that matter, Haefliger performs with high credit for artistry and articulation of the text, if he has to stretch on vocal tiptoe to reach some top tones. The crucial weakness is in the use of Mildred Miller, a conscientious artist and capable vocalist, for a vocal line that loses weight and meaning in a sound as petite and unexpansive as hers. The virtues that make her a Cherubino beyond compare leave her short of matching minimum requirements in displacement for this music. Fine sound.
Spohr: *Duetto* No. II: Haydn: Duet in B flat; Honegger: Sonatina; Prokofiev: Sonata Op. 56. David and Igor Oistrakh, violinists. Monitor MCS 2058, $4.98.	The marvelously matched efforts of the Oistrakhs, *père et fils,* is not merely a mesh of similarities but a coordination of likenesses and differences that adds strength to the mix. Their always enlivening musicianship provides a binding thread of interest even if other values lag, which is seldom the case. As a historical curio the Spohr sheds light on the kind of writing this composer was doing late in life (1854, when he was close to seventy), but the variations of the Haydn duo are outstanding for musical value. Honegger shows a highly disciplined sense of the violinistically suitable in a work, which the commentary by the late Francis Poulenc recalls, was first performed in public by the composer and Darius Milhaud. Needless to say—though Poulenc in fact does—the Oistrakhs play it better. The Prokofiev is agreeably contrived for the instruments, though not in his most meaningful vein. Here the comment is by his son Sviatoslav Prokofiev. The artistry throughout is of the highest, as the clearly defined recording of the otherwise unaccompanied instruments makes evident. —I.K.

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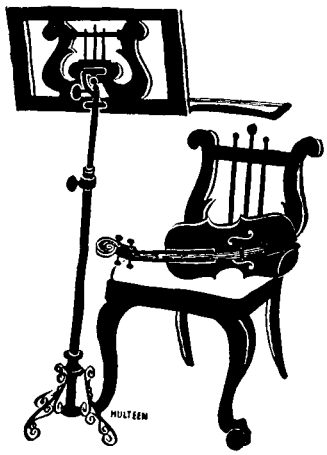
Vintage Handel from Woldike

HANDEL: *"Saul." Jennifer Vyvyan, Laurence Dutoit, sopranos; Margareta Sjöstedt, mezzo-soprano; Helen Watts, contralto; Herbert Handt, Erling Thorborg, tenors; Thomas Hemsley, baritone; Peter Wimberger, bass. Mogens Wöldike conducting the Copenhagen Boys Choir and the Vienna Symphony Orchestra, with Anton Heiller, organ, and Erna Heiller, harpsichord.* Bach Guild Stereo BGS-5054/6. $11.90.

Saul is a work of infinite variety, a dramatic oratorio in which extreme subtlety is counterbalanced by broad strokes of immediate impact. In short, it is vintage Handel (1738, for the chronologically minded), and the Bach Guild comes close to doing it justice. The present recording, made in Vienna a year ago after concert performances both in the Austrian capital and in Copenhagen, benefits from rare musical logic—the kind evolved when competent performers get excited about what they are doing. The casting may not be consistently ideal and there are a few other miscalculations, but the essential spirit is present, and is conveyed in a tone neither too reverential nor too prosaic.

Wöldike is not afraid of the work's theatrical elements, and his efforts as a Baroque scholar elicit only one general reservation: he aims for authenticity but occasionally settles for compromise. There are generous cuts, even though the set runs six full sides. The singers are permitted to go easy on ornamentation, especially in repeats (but since the cast is of semi-virtuoso calibre, this may be the lesser of two evils). The instrumentation and vocal casting make stylistic sense, though the charming tones of the Copenhagen boys and men (the notes claim the choir numbers 200) sound a bit feeble for the emotional outbursts assigned to them. Diction seems to have been a secondary consideration, but this may be blamed partly on the nationalities of the participants, partly on the massive-sounding Vienna Symphony.



Vyvyan's taste, agility, and tonal weight are just right for the taxing arias of Michal, and similar qualities mark the David of Helen Watts. A countertenor might have been a more authentic choice for the latter *Hosenrolle,* but the anachronism is made painless by Watts's warm and expressive contralto.

Handel's sense of drama prevented him from giving Saul lyrical, expansive arias like those of Michal and David; instead, the tragic hero expresses his jealousy and despair in recitatives and arioso passages that require a top-rank singing actor for maximum effect. Baritone Thomas Hemsley does not quite fill the bill (the notes call him a bass, which, regrettably, he is not); his impersonation is tasteful, intelligent and inappropriately lightweight. Herbert Handt's monochromatic tenor provides a rather insipid Jonathan.

The smaller roles are all adequately handled. It is a bit distressing to note, however, that singing in English poses a problem for an embarrassing percentage of the cast members, including some to whom the language is supposedly native.

—MARTIN BERNHEIMER.

A LETTER FROM WIELAND WAGNER TO WALTER LEGGE*

***WIELAND WAGNER, the grandson of Richard Wagner, is Artistic Director of the Bayreuth Festival and is widely considered the greatest operatic producer of our time. WALTER LEGGE, who produced the new Angel recordings of *Così fan tutte* and *The Merry Widow,* has been producing unexcelled recordings for the EMI companies since the 'thirties—from the treasured old Glyndebourne Mozart operas through the stereo-age *Der Rosenkavalier* of Karajan and the *Fidelio* of Klemperer. Herr Wagner's complimentary letter is quoted here in full.**

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Dear Walter,

After repeated and concentrated listening to the pressings of your new *Così fan tutte* and *Merry Widow* recordings I would like to thank you again and in writing for this pure pleasure. As a producer listening with professional ears I must begin my praise with the recitatives and the spoken dialogue: the free, mercurial tempi of the recitatives, dictated only by the dramatic situations, seem a salvation from "loyalty to the composer," if by that one understands—as has become the fashion today—rigidity of bar line, letter and even metronomics. Will our young generation of conductors really take the trouble to listen carefully to these recitatives? I imagine that Richard Strauss treated them like this. The dialogue in *The Merry Widow* is absolutely right.

From a purely musical point of view it seems to me the special quality of these recordings is the absolutely definitive solution of balance between human voice and orchestral sound: I do not think that this real recording problem has been touched upon in many of the tinned-music products highly praised in trade papers and labelled with all sorts of Grand Prix recommendations. All concerned must have worked hard. Perfection is today taken for granted in every recording but it is seldom realized in every bar. But perfection with heart is still much rarer. You have achieved it here, without acoustical gimmicks and stereo-gags.

To praise Karl Böhm's conducting of *Così* is like carrying coals to Newcastle, or as Richard Strauss once said "taking Jean Paul to Bayreuth." Here he conducts a very different *Così* from the one usually played on our stages, one that will prompt new thinking and discussion of this work. With Böhm I hear as well as irony and ambiguous gaiety a profound seriousness of the neo-classical Gluck approach. Matacic's conducting of *The Merry Widow* seems to me to have similar qualities. He takes every bar seriously and by this means captures that imponderable Austro-Hungarian-"Pontevedrinian" flair which has so distressingly little to do with our silly and washed-out routine performances of operetta.

After hearing your records I, accustomed as I am to eternal strutting in Wagnerian buskins, feel almost tempted to tear myself away and produce *The Merry Widow.*

Your

WIELAND WAGNER

(Advertisement)

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RECORDINGS REPORTS: FOLK AND BLUES LP's

TITLE, PERSONNEL, DATA	REPORT
Lester Flatt, Earl Scruggs, and the Foggy Mountain Boys: *Hard Travlin'*. Flatt, guitar and vocal; Scruggs, five-string banjo and vocal; Buck Graves, dobro guitar; Paul Warren, fiddle; E. P. Tullock, Jr., bass. Columbia Stereo, CS 8751, $4.98, Mono, CL 1951, $3.98.	Another group of "earthy" songs, folk songs of the land, by the famous Flatt-Scruggs aggregation. Featuring Flatt's lead singing, Scruggs-style banjo picking, and the artistry of the finest of all dobro guitarists, the program, beginning with one of Woody Guthrie's most famous songs, includes a group of little-known items: "99 Years Is Almost For Life," "Over the Hill to the Poorhouse," and "Bound to Ride." There are dobro solos prominently featured on all of the aforementioned, and also on "Coal Miner's Blues" and "Drowned in the Deep Blue Sea." Special mention should be made of Peter Welding's liner notes, a fine introductory narrative to bluegrass music.
The Rooftop Singers: *Walk Right In*. Erik Darling, vocal, six-and twelve-string guitars; five-string banjo; Lynne Taylor, vocal; Bill Svanoe, vocal and guitar; Wendell Marshall, bass; Bobby Donaldson, drums. Vanguard Stereo VSD 2136, $5.95.	This enterprise, comprised of a proven and seasoned folk-artist (Darling), a former Benny Goodman vocalist (Taylor) and a newcomer (Svanoe), has succeeded with its very first effort. The title number, an old (1929) tune of Gus Cannon's Jug Stompers, is enjoying virtually unbelieveable success in the current "pop" market, primarily because of some fine arranging and Darling's twelve-string guitar playing. A conglomerate of traditional material, "Ham and Eggs," "Ha Ha Thisaway," unique arrangements, "Stagolee," "Houston Special," and "Tom Cat," and the vintage blending of three fine voices distinguish this group from lesser ones.
Mike Seeger: *Oldtime Country Music*. Seeger, vocal, fiddle, five-string banjo, guitar, dulcimer, mandolin, auto-harp, and mouth-harp. Folkways FA 2325, $5.95.	The artist, a member of one of folk music's most famous families and a performer with the New Lost City Ramblers, is a multitalented musician with an exceptional feeling for American traditional music. In addition to being a fine performer, he is a highly industrious collector. The wide latitude of material indicates an awareness far greater than that shown by Seeger's musical contemporaries to date. Treated are the Carter Family tune, "Sad and Lonesome Day," Mississippi John Hurt's "Frankie," the mountain lament "I'm a Man of Constant Sorrow," and Ernest Stoneman's "The Story of the Mighty Mississippi." Essentially, these are imitative recreations by a talented and knowledgeable folk artist.
I Have to Paint My Face. Sam Chatman, vocal and guitar; Butch Cage, vocal and fiddle; Willie Thomas, vocal and guitar; Jasper Love, piano; Kathryn Pittman and group, vocal; Wade Walton, guitar and vocal; R. C. Smith, vocal and guitar. Arhoolie F 1005, $4.98.	Much of the music presented in this anthology is fast vanishing as an art form. For the most part this is the musical tradition of the Southern Negro; blues, gospel, and minstrel sounds as performed by older men such as Chatman (of the legendary Mississippi Sheiks), Cage, Thomas and Love and, as a natural result of the dictates of time and various social and economic changes, the younger set as exemplified by Walton and Smith, both from Mississippi and in their thirties. Despite age, there has been little, if any, diminution in the energetic performances of the Cage-Thomas duo. These men exhibit an élan and zest that few younger men in the genre can come close to rivaling, and "44 Blues," with its persistent, almost hypnotic quality best indicates their musical approach. Chatman's poetic efforts on "I Have to Paint My Face" and "You Shall Be Free" will assuredly arise the interest of the listener, as will Love's soulful "Desert Blues." An interesting musical document.
Louisiana Red: *The Lonesome Back Porch Blues*. Red, vocal, guitar, and mouth-harp; unidentified rhythm guitar and drums. Roulette R 25200, $3.98.	An initial effort by a blues artist who has studied his lessons well and shows the influence of a number of currently popular bluesmen, Muddy Waters, Bo Diddley, Jimmy Reed, B. B. King, and Lightnin' Hopkins, to name but a few. Though not very individual in his sound, Red is a fine "shouter" and comes across well, particularly with his topical "Red's Dream," a discourse on the United Nations and the present world situation: e.g., "I told Old Khrushchev/ sittin' there lookin' bad/ Get that junk out of Cuba/ before you make me mad/ Dig up them missile bases/ take them planes and all . . ." The political references are a refreshing and rather welcome change from the standard fare of "woman blues," the favorite preoccupation of the blues singer.
Sylvia Mars: *Blues Walk Right In*. Miss Mars, vocal; Mitch Greenhill, guitar; Gordie Edwards, harmonica. Folk-Lyric FL 124, $4.98.	In sound and musical "type," Miss Mars falls somewhere between Odetta, the classic blues singers, and a host of gospel singers. Although she lacks the hard-hitting emotional impact of a Bessie Smith, her singing is lusty and possesses a directness all its own in a voice full of dark tones and shadings ("Noah, Noah" and "Backwater Blues"). "Walk Right In," the second version this month of Gus Cannon's tune, is interesting in that the guitar portions are in bluegrass style rather than the traditional blues vein. Three other items never previously recorded, "Lowdown Death," "Before This Time Another Year" and "I Have a Friend," make for a well-balanced musical debut.
Pete Seeger: *Children's Concert at Town Hall*. Seeger, vocal, five-string banjo, twelve-string guitar. Columbia Stereo CS 8747, $4.98, Mono CL 1947, $3.98.	Seeger's audience appeal and rapport abounds at this live concert. Combining his instrumental talents with a spoken narrative adopting the role of storyteller, he weaves a spell over the children. "Here's to Cheshire," a version of "Froggy Went A-Courting," "Erie Canal," "I've been Workin' on the Railroad," Guthrie's ditty "Riding in My Car," and the Leadbelly duo "Ha Ha Thisaway" and "Grey Goose" all contribute to a lively and informative children's program.
Peggy Seeger: *American Folksongs for Banjo*. Folk-Lyric FL 114, $4.98; *Popular Ballads*. FL 120, $4.98. Miss Seeger, vocals and five-string banjo.	Another Seeger, this time sister Peggy. A fine instrumentalist and ballad singer in her own right she is also a lucid writer on the folklore and technical execution of the five-string banjo. (Her liner notes and the annotated booklet that accompanies FL 114 are particularly illuminating.) Playing in a variety of styles and tunings, she performs a group of ballads from the Child collection on "Popular Ballads," "The Dreadful Ghost," "Old Bangham," and "Young Beichan." On "Folksongs for the Banjo" the music is traditionally American including some from Sharp's Appalachian collection, such as "Edwin in the Low Lands" and "Weevily Wheat." Her sound is an echo of hoedowns and barn dances—truly folk music.
Lightnin' Hopkins: *Nothing But the Blues*. Hopkins, vocal and guitar; unidentified drums. Mount Vernon Music 104, $1.98.	The liner notes to this group of blues by the Texas minstrel read in part "Lightnin' is now an old and tired man. . . ." Factually this is far from correct, and the energetic biting blues, sometimes sarcastic and caustic, sometimes pessimistic, convey a convincing portrait of one of the most talented and poetic of all blues bards. Hopkins's provocative guitar runs, his social commentaries, and the "Boogie-woogie" quality to many of his numbers all contribute to meaningful performance.
Victoria Spivey: *Victoria and Her Blues*. Miss Spivey, vocals, piano, organ and ukulele; Eddie Barefield, alto sax and clarinet; Pat Wilson drums. Spivey LP 1002, $4.98.	Time has been kind to "Queen Vee." Successful as a blue singer (in the 1920s and 1930s), composer ("Black Snake Blues"), and actress (King Vidor's motion picture *Hallelujah* in 1928), she enjoyed tremendous popularity during the days of the "classic" female blue singers. On the threshhold of a new career, a rebirth so to speak, she has lost virtually none of her abilities and still sings as well, and in the same style, as she did when she gained her reputation. A group of twelve original compositions are presented. —LAURENCE COHN.

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Cecil

Continued from page 47

in the succeeding "Er, der Herrlichste von Allen"—marked *innig, lebhaft*, i.e., ardent, lively—she goes to the other extreme and, perhaps from a mistaken concept of drama, takes such a hectic tempo that she not only misses notes in the embellishments but forgoes any of the inner repose which is the hallmark of the fully realized presentation. As I went on listening, I found myself wishing that, before publishing this disc, Westminster officials had remembered and pondered over their own recording of these same songs which Sena Jurinac made some years ago. There is dramatic tension aplenty in the Jurinac recording, yet, with no sacrifice of emotional impact, Jurinac conveys the impression of steadiness, deep perception and musical maturity that, to my regret, I do not find in the Stader Schumann. The Schubert selections are competently sung; they are not noteworthy.

I wondered, with some annoyance, if other copies of the Westminster Stader recording were as marred by pre-echo as the one I played. At times I thought I must be hearing two records at once, a condition unfair to the singer and not conducive to the entertainment of those who listen for pleasure.

TWO recordings issued by Cambridge Records complete my list. Since both were made by singers who have won deserved popularity (soprano Lucine Amara and tenor Thomas Hayward), I wish these releases did them justice and showed them at their best for those who may not have heard them in the theatre. As it is, I doubt if a stranger, hearing only these recordings, could appreciate the qualities which have earned Miss Amara and Mr. Hayward their considerable reputations. I was distressed by a dry, muffled sound of the voices as recorded which prevails on both discs and which fails to compensate for the limited interest of the musical content. As the records continue and both interest factors flag, monotony takes its toll and we wind up with dullness.

According to the jacket, *A Recital By Lucine Amara* purports to demonstrate that this highly regarded Metropolitan prima donna is equally at home in recital. Unfortunately, the out-dated type of program (nineteen songs by sixteen different composers!) indicates wide acquaintance with the literature rather than the deep musical penetration in which meaningful song interpretation has its roots. Only Miss Amara's Armenian songs are entirely convincing. In these she obviously knows and means what she sings. In spite of the jacket claims, it would be easy to conclude from the evidence of this so-called recital that Miss Amara's talents incline more strongly to the operatic than to the lyric. If so, why not make the most of them?

Essentially the same questions—related to the advice given him—trouble me about Mr. Hayward's recording, with harpsichord accompaniments by the late Melville Smith, of songs by Francis Hopkinson and authentic Scottish folk tunes on Robert Burns's poems. (Was Hopkinson "the first American composer" or did he happen to be the one whose compositions were published first?) In part because Hayward's voice, as reproduced, often lacks resonance and because there is a familial sameness in the songs themselves, I found my attention wandering before the end.

Hayward merits commendation for devoting his talents to recording this out-of-the-ordinary music but, to my regret, I fear that the list of titles and the names of the authors are more impressive than the musical result. I am afraid, too, that, however valid the original tune of "Afton Water" and however valuable it may be as an addition to the scholar's collection, there are a hundred thousand listeners with less eclectic tastes who would rather hear "Flow Gently, Sweet Afton," as they know and love it. Authentic, original, or not, I have a strong hunch that Mr. Hayward would have sung the version we know sympathetically, perhaps memorably, and with an honest sentiment which would have touched his hearers and moved them to hear him again and again.

Ezio Flagello Sings Rossini and Mozart Arias—Ezio Flagello, basso, with Orchestra Sinfonica di Roma, conducted by Nicholas Flagello. Scope Records, V0001-S.

Mozart Arias—Maria Stader, soprano, with Salzburg Camerata Academica, conducted by Bernhard Paumgartner. Deutsche Gramophone Gesellschaft, SLPEM 136-369.

Lieder Recital: Schumann, Mozart, Schubert – Maria Stader, soprano, with Joerg Demus, pianist. Westminster, WST-17029.

A Recital by Lucine Amara—Lucine Amara, soprano, with David Benedict, pianist. Cambridge Records, CRM-704.

Twenty Songs (eight songs by Francis Hopkinson, twelve songs by Robert Burns)—Thomas Hayward, tenor, with Melville Smith, harpsichordist. Cambridge Records, CRS-711.

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The Other Side

LONDON.

IN TIME for the opening of the sixty-ninth season of Promenade Concerts comes an EMI album commemorating the late Sir Henry Wood. These performances, originally recorded between 1929 and 1940 and embracing such varied fare as the Third Brandenburg Concerto, overtures by Mozart and Berlioz, trifles by Dvorák and Mendelssohn, and the conductor's own *Fantasia on British Sea Songs* (still a vital part of the Proms' end-of-term ritual), cannot be said to reveal a striking musical personality or, indeed, anything much beyond a solid professional competence. It is not as a great interpreter that we revere Wood's memory, but as a tireless champion of "musical appreciation" for the man-in-the-street—a great-hearted man who, with missionary zeal, devoted his life to the cause of music and who, at a time when broadcasting and the phonograph were still in their infancy, did more than anyone to rid Britain of the stigma of being a *Land ohne Musik*.

Oiseau-Lyre has just issued two glorious and beautifully recorded works by Monteverdi, a Magnificat for Six Voices and a Mass for Four Voices, superbly sung by the Choir of the Carmelite Priory, London, under George Malcolm's skilled direction.

No sooner had Decca announced its mid-May release of the Tchaikovsky B-flat minor Concerto, played by joint Tchaikovsky Laureate Ashkenazy, than HMV weighed in with a rival version featuring fellow prize-winner John Ogdon. Thus critics and public are now placed in the position of last summer's jury and can sympathize with their unwillingness to separate the two contestants. By and large Ashkenazy generates more physical excitement, especially in the Finale, yet on balance I find Ogdon the more original artist and his disc, with the Philharmonia under Barbirolli, also includes a sensitive account of Franck's Symphonic Variations.

With Menuhin once again in charge of the Bath Festival this month, HMV has issued a further disc of Mozart concertos in which the violinist is both soloist and director of the Festival Chamber Orchestra. He performs the lovely D-major Concerto, K. 218, with his customary distinction, but seems less happy with the uncharacteristic bravura writing of the dubious work in the same key, K. 271a. Also released now, to everyone's surprise, is yet another Beecham disc (mono only) containing hitherto unpublished material. Even if Sir Thomas would not approve the recording when he made it in 1957, Delius-lovers will surely welcome this opportunity to become acquainted with his *Songs of Sunset*, a nostalgic cycle for baritone, alto, chorus, and orchestra. John Cameron and Maureen Forrester are the able soloists, and Beecham, as ever, draws inimitable sounds from the Royal Philharmonic. Unfortunately the other side, containing a Gavotte by one Paul Vidal and Edward German's *Gypsy Suite*, is of negligible interest—Beecham's concern with such music is to me as inexplicable as Toscanini's with the *Grand Canyon Suite*.

Hermann Prey's recital of baritone arias from German operas is Columbia's sole current contribution. Apart from Papageno's entrance song and two of Wolfram's solos from *Tannhäuser*, the program is devoted to lesser examples of the genre by such as Lortzing, Marschner, Kreutzer, Nessler, Humperdinck, and Korngold, thus suggesting a disc primarily intended for home consumption. But Prey is an appealing singer, with a strikingly lovely voice and a fervent, romantic manner; among the more unfamiliar items the solo from Humperdinck's *Königskinder*, with its frequent Wagnerian echoes, struck me as especially attractive.

Back on HMV we have a two-disc anthology entitled *Music of Shakespeare's Time*. Devised by lutenist Diana Poulton for next year's quatercentenary of the poet's birth, there are works for consorts of viols and recorders, vocal and instrumental pieces involving the lute, part songs and solo songs, as well as keyboard pieces, a number of them quite familiar, many comparatively unknown. A host of performers are involved in this well-planned and delightfully diverting set, among them the Dolmetsch recorders, Wenzinger and his viol consort, and Wilfred Brown.

Shakespeare and, through him, Stratford-on-Avon still continue to be among our principal tourist attractions, but an HMV disc directed at the tourist trade, *A Holiday in Britain*, is less concerned with cultural monuments than with the supposed quaintness of our peripheral areas. This light-hearted musical tour, involving Frederick Harvey and the Philharmonia under George Weldon, admittedly begins with the bustle of London (Eric Coates) and finally returns there for some pomp and ceremony à la Walton. But in between we spend most of our time in the West Country, in Wales, Ireland (northern variety, not Eire!) and Scotland (Hebrides included). Whether such a disc will ever bring one extra visitor to these shores must be doubted, but perhaps some of those who do come this summer will welcome it for a sonic keepsake, a kind of musical picture post card.

—THOMAS HEINITZ.

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The Amen Corner

IT IS a truism that the impact of music is likely to vary with the time of day, the weather, and, I think also, the time of year. Thus, so far as I am concerned, Bach is an all-hour, all-weather, all-year composer. I do not wish to encounter the exceedingly intense Schubert double cello quintet before midnight; Brahms is better in the winter than in summer; Beethoven's more heroic works utterly spoil an August moon; the Baroque composers are, in general, twilight men; and the works of Bartok and Schoenberg, unlike those of Debussy and Ravel, should never be heard in a garden.

Where jazz is concerned, I have similar mutability. During the hot months I do not care to be agitated by puzzling experiments or chafed by pretentious ones. I want accomplished music by men who provide a sense of ease because they feel at home with their art. In this regard, a number of new LPs highly recommend themselves. Pee Wee Russell, who seems to me simply the finest (and certainly the most indestructible) clarinet in jazz history, has a new quartet, with Marshall Brown, arranger, valve trombone and bass trumpet; Russell George, bass; and Ron Lundberg, drums (Columbia CL 1985). This combination resembles the old Gerry Mulligan Quartet in that the absence of a piano thins out the texture, both encouraging and revealing linear subtleties. The effect on Pee Wee has been remarkable; he plays some of the most beautifully turned and sustained solos I have ever heard—"My Mother's Eyes," "Pee Wee's Blues," and John Coltrane's "Red Planet." This last is a high point in Mississippi rococo.

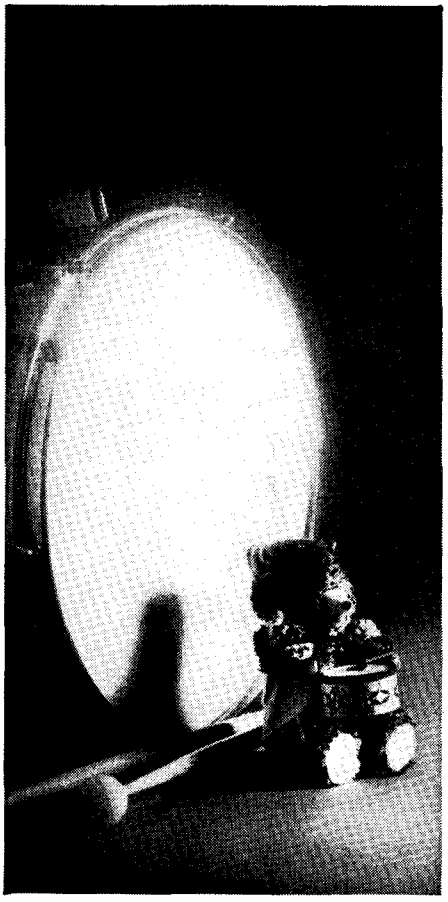
Milt ("Bags") Jackson stands in relation to the vibraharp as Russell does to the clarinet. He is a player of prolific invention and faultless taste, wholly free from exhibitionism, and all the delicacy of his music cannot conceal his lithe, jazz-rhythmic spirit. Usually associated with the Modern Jazz Quartet, he now appears with his own Sextet and offers a program of what may be called in large part romantic dance music (Riverside RM 446). The sidemen are Kenny Dorham and Virgil Jones, trumpets; Jimmy Heath, tenor sax; Tommy Flanagan, piano; Ron Carter, bass; and Connie Kay, drums. The themes include Jackson originals and Thelonious Monk's "Ruby My Dear." The scoring by Dorham, Heath, and, I gather, Jackson himself is a lesson in the discreet, graceful support of solo players, and Jackson's silvery phrasing has seldom sounded better.

The pianist Bill Evans, often saluted in this column, is an impressionist of remarkable nuance, and his series of trio recordings, with string bass and drums, are among the loveliest collaborations in the jazz files. Recently he seems to have been under some sort of attack on the charge of musical limpness or effeminacy. I do not take this seriously; there are always any number of zealots who do not think that jazz is jazz unless it expresses, for them, full spittoons or social protest or both. Besides, Evans's work with such a robust and sensitive musician as Miles Davis has long since shown him a jazz band pianist of the very first vitality and order. At any rate, he is now to be heard again in this role, together with Freddie Hubbard, trumpet; Jim Hall, guitar; Percy Heath, bass; and Philly Joe Jones, drums (Riverdale RS 9445).

The trumpeter Freddie Hubbard, just mentioned, is a clarion youth of twenty-four who marches well up in the modern van. On another new disc he leads his own band, with Curtis Fuller, trombone; John Gilmore, tenor sax; Tommy Flanagan, piano; Art Davis, bass; and Louis Hayes, drums (Impulse A-27). The opening "Caravan" gets off to a blazing start, and George Gershwin's "Summertime" is likewise full of gold and sun. There are also three fine Hubbard originals. I would call attention to Gilmore's saxophone playing, which avoids continuous fluency so common on the horn in favor of separated phrasing. I do not think the results here are ideal, but Gilmore is working in a direction that others might consider.

Finally, there is the two-LP album of the celebrated *Dave Brubeck Quartet at Carnegie Hall* (Columbia C21-26). These twelve tracks contain many kinds of inventive and expert musicianship. Brubeck himself is a learned, subtle, and pleasing pianist, except when he hammers away at block chords, at which point I usually find his sequences structurally meaningless and boring. Paul Desmond is one of the most delicately original and moving of all saxophone improvisers. Joe Morello, drums, and Eugene Wright, bass, are an admirable duo. The group has lately become masters of various unusual time signatures, such as 11/4 and 9/8 and 5/4. Almost anything they do is likely to have marked formal interest. And yet throughout this album I am plagued by a sense of the academic, the considered, the self-conscious. With the exception of Desmond's most charming excursions and a good part of Morello's long drum solo, I do not feel the inner ease which marks all of the finest jazz playing, or the fiery spontaneity to which it can rise.

—WILDER HOBSON.



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Music to My Ears

Continued from page 38

of originality on its own. In all this is a *Figaro* which makes altogether apparent its absence from the Covent Garden stage for half a dozen years. Scratch is what they are starting from, and scratch is what they have.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

Previn's Proms—Casals

There was a new Andre at Philharmonic Hall last week, where a maestro named Previn took over the "Promenades" from one named Kostelanetz. Previn's duties involved more than just conducting, however, for he was also on display as a composer (of a facile, conventional "Overture to a Comedy"), pianist, jazz *improvisateur*, and M.C. It goes without saying that immense talents are needed to bring off such a one-man-show—even though the Philharmonic is used to multi-faceted *Wunderkinder*—and, fortunately, Previn has them. He might even make the most of them, artistically, should he choose to devote more of his career to serious music-making and less to serious money-making (Hollywood, etc). His reading of the *Classical* Symphony was as humorless and strident as Copland's *Red Pony* Suite was taut and spirited. By appearing simultaneously as soloist and conductor in the Mendelssohn Concerto, Previn minimized his potential impact in both capacities. And by mixing his clever Jazz Variations on *West Side Story* with Prokofiev, Mendelssohn *et al.*, he forgot that the musical tastes of the audience might not be as wide-ranging as his own.

A different kind of versatility—a more meaningful one—was demonstrated at Carnegie Hall four days later, when Pablo Casals conducted a performance of the *St Matthew Passion* imported from the Casals Festival in Puerto Rico. Though Casals has led orchestras on a few previous occasions it was not until this, his eighty-sixth year, that he undertook the grandiose Bach score. The result was poignant, primarily because Casals "plays" the orchestra and chorus with the same mellow sensitivity with which he plays the cello; and both "instruments"—the star-studded Festival Casals Orchestra and the Robert Shaw-trained Cleveland Orchestra Chorus—responded magnificently.

Casals was not terribly concerned either with minute details of Baroque performance practice or with misplaced Romanticism. His was a thoughtful, restrained, and rather long *St. Matthew* (uncut, beginning at 5 p.m. with a 1½-hour dinner break), but tension and reverence were sustained throughout. And if anything betrayed Casal's relative inexperience with the baton, it was only the miscalculation of a sweeping gesture that sent the music flying from its stand late in the performance.

Except for Maureen Forrester, who sang the contralto arias superbly, the soloists were less than ideal. But somehow it didn't seem to matter. Ernst Häfliger offered a highly sensitive reading of the Evangelist, he although had a serious obstacle to contend with in Robert Shaw's English translation. William Warfield approached the music of Jesus with more simplicity and comparable musicianship, but his voice is no longer as fresh and easily produced as it once was. Olga Iglesias's tiny, sweet soprano was appropriate for much of her assignment, however, and, were he not fighting a heavy indisposition, Ara Berberian would have been a fine choice for the bass arias (Warfield generously took over the last one). Raymond Mursell, unannounced, sang the secondary bass parts creditably.

—MARTIN BERNHEIMER.

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LETTERS TO THE RECORDINGS EDITOR

TWO FOR NUREYEV

WE HAVE RECENTLY read the John Martin article on Rudolf Nureyev [*SR*, May 25].

One of the undersigned is not a confirmed balletomane, nor is either expert in ballet music or choreography—claims that Mr. Martin could, indeed would, undoubtedly make, and rightfully so. As such, we would not consider correcting him in his role as a critic. In fact, while we had the pleasure of seeing the Royal Ballet from the vantage point of the orchestra several times during its stay, we appreciate his pointing out a multiplicity of Nureyev nuances other critics did not deign to mention.

Unfortunately, Mr. Martin did not stop there, choosing instead to set himself up as the last word on anything and everything having to do with his subject. In so doing, he transcends his critical capacity and unjustifiably assumes the role of the demigod of dance.

Specifically, some of his challenges are more than reasonable, but too many others are incorrect, picayune, presumptuous and/or childish. . . .

MARGARET SPENCER BROWN.
MICHAEL FRANKEL.

New York, N.Y.

ONE FOR MARTIN

THANK YOU FOR putting Rudolf Nureyev in his proper perspective, a task about which the other critics, and much of the New York audience, have been rather lax.

To my mind, the flamboyance and utter egoism of Nureyev are an affront to the Royal Ballet's high standards of artistry, imagination, and taste. Having practically worshipped this company since I was nine years old, I can't help resenting the intrusion of an admittedly volatile personality who appears to perform, not for the sake of the work, the company, or even the ballet itself, but solely for his own glorification. Nureyev gives the impression that he is trying to upstage the other dancers, an outrage I'd hoped ballet, as an art, to be above. This was especially evident in the first act of *Swan Lake*, when he took to wandering across and around the stage, most insultingly during the *pas de trois*.

That Rudolf Nureyev is often a thrilling dancer, that his work can sometimes be achingly beautiful, I don't question. That he is an artist, and that he already deserves the acclaim accorded an artist, is something else again. He would do well to study the work of some of his colleagues, especially Margot Fonteyn, Alexander Grant, and the all-too-infrequently seen Michael Somes. Perhaps their examples of artistry and humility will help to rescue a potentially great talent from what can only be described as a swelled head.

BONNIE PRANDATO.

West Nyack, N.Y.

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Virginia Woolf

Continued from page 40

and his wife have been playing from midnight to dawn they are brought to the point of renouncing the game they have been playing privately for some twenty-three years. The time for illusions is over, at last, and the husband and wife will have to make the best of whatever reality there is for them, facing life together, even if the thought of "Just . . . us?" fills Martha with misgivings.

An exegesis on this conclusion, and indeed on the entire play, is a distinct possibility. It is perhaps even a necessity for those who sense that a larger gambit than Martha's and George's "games" is being played and would like to have it spelled out for them once the "fun" (and there is plenty of comedy in the text) becomes grim. Symbol or image hunters can have a field day with the play. Professional and amateur psychologists, with or without benefit of Freud, will surely join the game of elucidation, if they have not already joined it. Some attention may have to be given to the question of whether or not the play belongs to the "Theatre of the Absurd"; and although the question itself may be absurd, it can be serious enough for those who hanker for the power of positive thinking. A veritable library of explication (including the suggested one that George and Martha are George and Martha Washington!) may yet accumulate around this remarkable play, which, in concluding with the revelation that Martha and George have no child, seems headed for an anticlimax, when taken too literally. And somehow it does seem that this third-act discovery fails to fulfill the highest expectations one entertains for *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?*, especially after the harrowing *Walpurgisnacht* movement of the second act; in this work of a still very young author the parts are greater than the whole. But the notable Columbia recording makes abundantly evident the most relevant fact about the play—its dramatic power. The parts are alive and vibrant as experience; the movements are dramatically and even "psychologically" related. The recognition and the implicit criticism of a sterile way of life in our society are firmly established. The importance of facing the truth no matter how bleak and of alleviating it with compassion rather than with deception is recognized. And all the dramatic power, as this album demonstrates, is in Albee's *text* rather than in peripheral effects and footnotes by enterprising scholiasts who thrive on the perversities of contemporary literature.

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LARGE REMODELED FARMHOUSE on Maine scenic hillside. 22′ x 23′ living room, fireplace, picture windows. 40 acres plus 200′ lake frontage. Boston 160 miles. $17,500. Phone 207-JU 3-2836.

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SWIM, SAIL, FISH in New England. Year-round home in quiet off-highway village. Privately-controlled ocean beach. Yacht club, marina. 2 acres. 60 miles south of Boston. Well-built Dutch Colonial: 8 rooms, 2½ baths, 2 fireplaces. $29,500. Box D-368.

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VACATIONS

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(Continued on page 58)

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VACATIONS

(Continued from page 57)

WATCH ROCK LODGE, Adirondack, N.Y. On Schroon Lake. Spacious rooms, Jewish-American Cuisine, Sports. Instruction: Dancing, Water Skiing. Sand beach. Excellent children's Day Camp. Family Plan Special. Weekly $66 and $78, child 2/3. FLushing 8-8830 NYC.

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VACATIONS

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WISTFUL THINKING . . . I'll quit my job and write a novel. I'll run against Rockefeller . . . I'll live to see a tax reduction . . . I'll spend my vacation at Gurney's Inn. Nine acres of lush woodlands "On the Brink O' the Beach." Luxurious hostelry and private oceanside cottages . . . ambrosial food . . . gracious hospitality. Could you wish for more? Gurney's Inn, Montauk, L.I., 516-MO 8-2345. Write Dept. S-9 for Brochure.

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THESE FRAGILE THINGS . . . the wind nor'-west, the air of radiant clarity, a delight in breathing, a pervasive, subtle exhilaration, an awareness of being alive . . . The Island Inn, Box F, Monhegan Island, Maine. Mainland garaging for all cars.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1525

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS

A. Tale of evil deeds and their repercussions on certain lives by Hawthorne, 1860 (2 wds.; after *The*).

B. Purpose, without too settled a plan.

C. Real surname of Pope Pius XI.

D. Book title used by Frank Sullivan and more recently, 1952, by Eric Sevareid (3 wds.).

E. Ethiopia.

F. Real surname of "Father Prout" (1804-66).

G. Gem figuring in the Anatole France tetralogy referring to the Dreyfus case, 1897-1900.

H. An individual who differs considerably from the average in any respect.

I. Little Austrian town on river of the same name, with famous manuscript library.

J. Any window over a door or other window.

K. Immediately; at once (3 wds.).

WORDS

130 15 44 113 9 101 105 186 116 95

118 19 194 10 78 138 76 53 190

197 61 55 50 63

11 183 45 74 109 36 65 93

148 8 112 77 135 68 25 71 56

83 29 139 89 162 126

97 110 53 181 195 42 119 1

96 75 100 180 161 157 70

178 72 137 37

43 49 192 123 172 98 14 164

34 107 48 91 140 149 144 127 62 158 154 4

DEFINITIONS

L. Involving condign punishment.

M. Provisional state organized, 1849, by the Mormons, comprising most of SW U.S.

N. Friendly Indian who taught colonists how to plant and take care of corn.

O. Given name, current Amer. playwright, Pulitzer Prize, 1955.

P. Where an agreeable companion is as good as a carriage (Publilius Syrus; 3 wds.).

Q. One thing the English poet Edward Lear was master of.

R. See Word V.

S. Bon mot.

T. "Can't live on land and dies in the water", acc'g to Mr. Dooley.

U. In folklore, the power to become a werewolf.

V. The Word R in *Lalla Rookh* for Nourmahal (4 wds.).

W. Caliban's mother.

WORDS

170 182 26 67 99 122 143 57 136 28 106

163 160 108 196 5 24 174

64 38 18 94 179 159 103

16 3 173 86 124 27 156 114 40

6 102 121 147 142 39 81 166 51 31

88 73 152 171 165 132 21 155

176 115 185 90 134 168 145

59 82 35 184 128 141 85 12 23

191 46 177 175 189 125 20 153 7 54

41 188 66 87 117 13 60 30 131 17 167

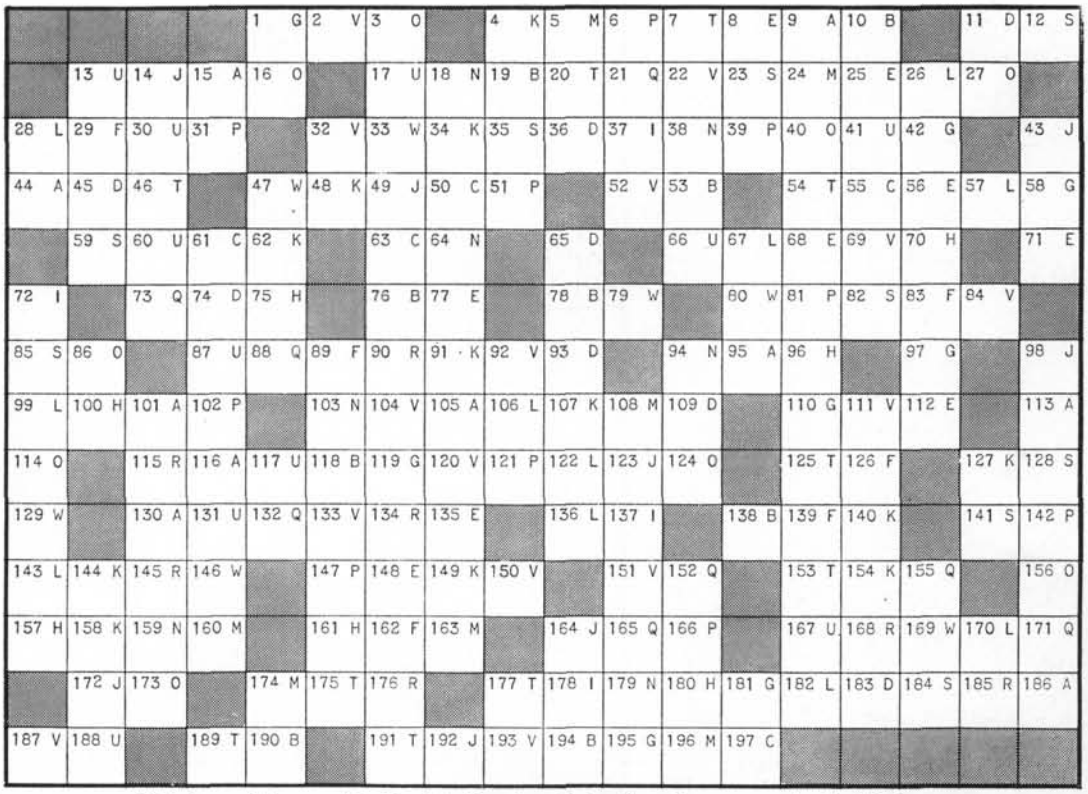
150 151 32 2 133 193 104 52 22 84 120

111 187 92 69

47 146 80 79 33 169 129

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 9 of this issue.

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"Merrymaking" by Cornelius Kreighoff (1815-1872), Canadian pioneer painter, Beaverbrook Art Gall

CANADA

...the wonderful world at your doorstep!

THE PARTY HAS BEGUN, but it will go on all summer long. And you're invited! Canadians love to entertain—we've been at it for some time now. (See above.)

One outstanding event this season is the International Art Competition to be held at the Lord Beaverbrook Art Gallery in Fredericton, New Brunswick. Painters (150 of them) from all over the world have been invited to enter. Six prizes, totalling $30,000 will be awarded. The exhibition will go on view September 7—a time when New Brunswick is golden in the soft, late-summer sunshine.

Through the summer the National Gallery in Ottawa is showing the fifth Biennial of Canadian painting. This exhibition reflects the fervour of activity in painting that is going on right across the country.

An unusual and interesting exhibition is also being shown (June through Septemb at the Shakespearean Festival ("Nor America's finest") in Stratford, Ontario. name is "Canada on Canvas"—descrit as a kaleidoscope of Canadian landsc painting from 1900 to the present.

Throughout Canada you'll find galle and museums, large and small, with inter ing and unusual arts, crafts and artifa You'll be captivated by unique Canac Eskimo carvings and sealskin prints. (I dentally, documented works of art enter United States duty-free.)

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CANAD

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